THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 16, 1931

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The Bystander, September 16, 1931

The BYSTANDER

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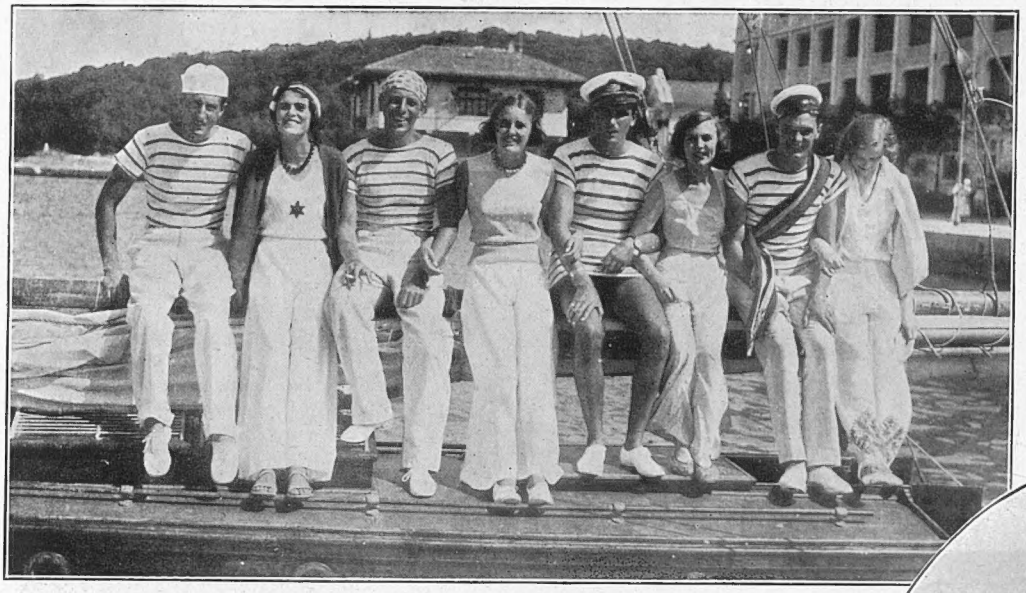
THE HON. MRS. BAILLIE-HAMILTON

An attractive figure much in evidence in Society, is the wife of the Hon. Charles William Baillie-Hamilton, brother of the Earl of Haddington, Conservative member for Bath, with which constituency he has lately had strained relations. A daughter of Mr. Norman E. Holden, she was married in 1929

ON THE SUN-KISSED ADRIATIC SHORE



On board Prince Ruspoli's yacht which, after a visit to the Lido, left for Brioni. Reading from left to right: Prince Emanueli Ruspoli, Miss Minnegarode, Barone Renco D'Avanco, Miss Patricia Minnegarode, Prince Carlo Ruspoli, Mrs. Olive Castle, Comte Carlo Mantigazzini and Mrs. Claude Partridge

Mme. Lucien Lelong, the famous Parisian couturier (née Princesse Lucien Paley), and Serge Lifar, the dancer, give an exhibition of living statuary on the beach of the Excelsior Palace

Lady Diana Cooper with Mr. Oliver Messell, the well-known costume and scenic artist, who has set visitors to the Lido hard at work building something artistic in the way of sand castles of his own design on the Lido shore

Artistic sand castles in the making. Mr. Oliver Messell (centre) has willing helpers. Princess Faucigny Lucinge, Lady Weymouth and Lady Plunket are among the interested spectators

ENTERTAINING NORTH OF THE TWEED

A house-party at Craiggendinnie, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire. Included in the group are the Dowager Lady Glentanar, the Marchioness of Douro, Lady Sempill, Lady Anne Wellesley, Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, Miss Pamela Wellesley, Lord Aberdour, Lord Maidstone, Lord Mornington and Mr. David Godfrey Fausset

the passing hour

"THE Iron Chancellor" . . . spoke with "bluntness and harshness" . . . when grimly introducing his second Budget in a year, caused by Socialist extravagance and the supineness of a Tory Opposition. As he sank back on the Treasury Bench "sedate Conservatives waved handkerchiefs and order papers." . . . "Mr. Baldwin vied with Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister in leading the applause from the Front Bench." . . . Oh, yeah! Mr. Baldwin would, but I wonder what Mr. Churchill was thinking on the back benches, to which he was relegated because he thought Imperially about India!

Pearl Freeman

AN ANGLO-DUTCH ENGAGEMENT

Miss Elizabeth Ternan, younger daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Trevor Ternan, of the Chalet, Broom Water, Teddington, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. John L. F. De Vries, of the Hague

General Nagaoka, President of the Aeronautical Society, Japan, entertaining Miss Amy Johnson and her mechanic, Mr. Humphrey, to an informal Japanese tea party at his private house in Tokyo during her recent long-distance flight. From left to right: Madame Nagaoka, Miss Amy Johnson, Mr. Ash (an American pilot), Mr. Humphrey and General Nagaoka

FOR all this furore was about a Budget which shows not one glimmer of imagination. The taxpayers who have been bled white are to have taken from them even that which they have. The remedy, as everyone knows to-day, would have been the imposition of an emergency tariff to stop free imports and preserve the home market for our people. It is not done because Mr. Snowden, the hero applauded by the Conservative leader, thinks parochially in the mode of his struggling childhood, and because Liberals like Sir Herbert

PERSONALITIES IN TOWN

DONCASTER SALES AND—

Miss Wilmot, daughter of the late Sir Robert Wilmot, who has taken over her father's training quarters, looking over Golden Sun

Samuel are in the Cabinet. The triumph of party politics over Britain's dire need! Will the paralysing Budget of Mr. Snowden reduce unemployment and give British industry and agriculture a chance? If not, it will prove a failure. The joke is that Mr. Henderson and the Socialists are quite likely to move a resolution to introduce a tariff, in which case the Conservatives will have to vote against it! Oh, these party politicians!

MANY people are already back from their holidays. At the Savoy grill the other night I saw Mrs. Pops D'Erlanger. She is now a completely platinum blonde, and it suits her style of looks very well indeed. I also saw Lord Stanley, Lord Derby's son, but then his political duties had brought him back to London. I think, as a matter of fact, that Lord Stanley had just left the Savoy grill that evening when the pistol shot rang out.

EVERYBODY jumped round to see what it was all about. It sounded so lifelike. But it was only an American with a toy pistol who wished to cause excitement. He certainly did. The noise was far louder than the slap Hannen Swaffer received last year, or the crash of the crockery when the two prize-fighters clashed prematurely there last spring.

LONDON is wakening up fast from her August sleep. They have that wonderful new Tzigane orchestra at the Kit-Cat which appeared by Royal Command for the State Ball at Buckingham Palace in July. Until you have heard Alfred Rode and his men playing "The Blue Danube" you have never heard how Strauss's most famous waltz should be rendered. It is fiery, romantic, sentimental, and savage to an indescribable degree.

AMONG the guests at the orchestra's debut was Brigitte Helm, the film star. Like Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, she has rather heavy shoulders, but is most fascinating to anyone who admires the high cheek-bones of the Scandinavian and the magnificent eyes that go with them. She was dancing almost uninterruptedly with Desmond Jeans, who, with his eye-glass, has abandoned boxing for the films. They called him "Desmond Jeans of the Horse Marines" in America. Still, he dances very prettily.

ANOTHER guest at the Kit-Cat was Lady Weymouth's brother, Mr. Anthony Vivian. Mr. Vivian was telling me

—DONCASTER RACING

The defeat of the favourite, Cameronian, which came in last, was the sensation of this year's St. Leger, the race being won by Sandwich (H. Wragg up), shown in the picture being led in by the owner, Lord Rosebery. Sandwich started at 9 to 1

AT OBAN'S ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING

A group of judges at the Argyllshire Highland Gathering held at Oban last week, suitably dressed for the occasion, showing Col. T. O. Lloyd, of Minard, Mr. Alastair MacLean, Major MacRae, Mr. T. M. Macdonald and Captain Roberts

Another group taken at the Argyllshire Gathering at Oban, showing, left to right : The Captain of Dunstaffnage, his sister, Mrs. Yatton Bardwell, with her daughter, and Mrs. Berkeley Woodbury. The Captain of Dunstaffnage is the hereditary custodian of the Castle where the Lia Fail Coronation Stone once reposed. He wears one of the bonnets given by the Duke of Argyll to a few chieftains of the Campbell clan, a bonnet and an honour greatly coveted

Above : Mr. and Mrs. George Malcolm watching the proceedings. Mr. George Malcolm is the son and heir of Sir Ian Malcolm, of Poltalloch, who, in addition to many varied activities, was private secretary to Lord Balfour at the Peace Conference

On the left—left to right : Col. J. G. Roberts, Mr. R. Campbell-Preston, of Ardchatten, Mr. Lorne M. Campbell, of Airds, and Col. Ian M. Campbell, interested spectators taking it easy

SPORT ON SCOTTISH MOORS

SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND

Above: Brig-Gen. J. E. C. Livingstone-Learmonth with his dog, Dash, smoking a quiet pipe above the Devil's Elbow, Glenshee

Below: Mr. James McGowan's shooting party at Persie. The group includes Mr. and Mrs. McGowan, Lord Blackburn, Mr. J. McLean Marshall, Mr. Hugh Campbell, Mr. E. D. Doughty, Mr. D. Sim, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Jennings and Miss Jennings

Wing-Commander F. E. Don and Miss Mary Butler-Henderson on the mountain-side at the Hon. Mrs. Butler-Henderson's shoot at Glenshee

that he had just signed a contract with the Ritz Hotel to supply them with a new orchestra, and I gather he has got a very hot one indeed—far better than the one he had at the Café Anglais. He makes his debut at the Ritz on October 1.

NEXT week the Embassy Club will be reopening, and Quaglino is having a gala evening to inaugurate his new scheme of decoration which the Marquis de Casa Maury has designed for him. It will be very much of the latest German kind of concealed lighting, which is most seductive. Incidentally, at my suggestion, Quaglino is going to introduce a piece of first-class "chi-chi" into his gala dinner, which I am sure will be adopted by every first-class restaurateur.

IT was at Quaglino's the other night —the evening of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's famous speech—that I saw a very oddly assorted supper party. It consisted of Mr. Winston Churchill and his son Randolph, Lord and Lady Melchett, Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley, Sir Martin Conway and Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, M.P.

IN strident tones which could be heard at least ten yards away, Mr. Churchill was voicing the bright idea that a new club should be formed. "We should call it the 1931 club," he said, "on the lines of the 1900 club." It makes one wonder whether Mr. Churchill is really going to join the New Party, the organ of which is now to be edited by Miss Sackville-West's ex-diplomatic husband, Harold Nicholson.

CIRO'S has just reopened—two days ago—and at the Monseigneur there is a series of gala nights in farewell to Douglas Byng, who is going over to see how New York likes his songs. As they will probably like them very much, it is highly advisable

MR. ARTHUR DEWAR'S BAD LUCK

"THIS WOMAN BUSINESS"

Miss Gower (right) and Miss Spicer with their pet dog and aeroplane, also showing their one-roomed bungalow. Miss Gower is a daughter of Sir Robert Gower, M.P., and is one of the three women in the country to have a "B" certificate licence, thus enabling her to "ply for hire." Miss Spicer was the second woman in England to get a ground engineer's certificate, and they earn their living by giving short flights in their own aeroplane from their "aerodrome" at Wallingford

to hear him at the Monseigneur in the next few days if you want to hear him at all.

S

OWING to the extremely bad weather, Poulsen's Club closed for the season on Sunday at midnight. During the winter it is proposed to install, in time for the reopening next spring, an up-to-date swimming pool, together with two covered-in squash racquets courts. The club premises will, however, be available for private parties, etc., during the closed period on application to the secretary at the Café Anglais.

S

POOR Lady Queensberry. She is quite ill. I am afraid. It was thought at first, indeed, that she actually had anthrax, acquired from one of her paint brushes. That, at least, is what a French doctor thought. Fortunately, it is not as bad as that, but she has to have an operation on her face, which, one hopes, will leave no scar.

S

ALSO to be commiserated with, though in a different manner, is Mr. Arthur Dewar. Cameronian's running in the St. Leger was far, far too bad to be true. No wonder they found that he had a temperature of 103 degrees, and at once decided to take samples of his saliva. He has, however, already won nearly £50,000 for his owner, and, when he ultimately retires to the stud, will bring in his owner at least £20,000 a year.

The bonny, bonny heather seems to possess a special attraction for this shooting party at Aberlour, Banffshire, the home of Sir Edmund Findlay, Bt. Reading from left to right are Lady Findlay, Mr. A. H. Bowhill, Capt. V. Mander, Capt. Fairfax-Lucy, Capt. Wilson, Miss Adams, and Mr. Adams

Yevonde

The latest portrait of Mrs. Gerard D'Erlanger, formerly Miss Edythe Baker, the accomplished pianist, who has lately adopted the fashionable hair bleach

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

SERGEANT COSTUME in a field of eighteen failed by a neck to score in a five-furlong sprint at Manchester. Was quietly supported and closed at 8 to 1. Follow up with each way wagers.

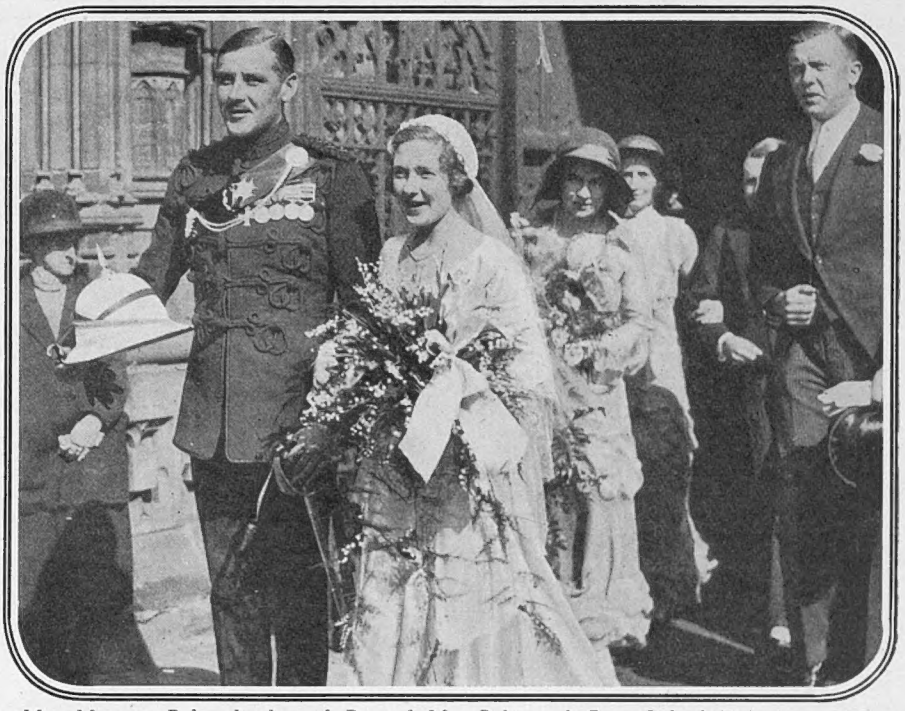
FURY is a genuine filly and will prove a money spinner in the north. Beat some smart two-year-olds over six furlongs at Manchester when occupying second place.

LARKING carrying 9st. 7lb. was confidently backed to win over a mile and a quarter at Folkestone. Finished a length behind the winner. Losses will be recovered.

STRONGBOW has disappointed a host of followers, and again at Doncaster he was pegged back after leading a furlong from the post. Will land a sprint prize before the end of the season.

LATOI carried a deal of money at Doncaster and only failed by a head to win the valuable Tattersall Sale Stakes (seven furlongs). Swerved in the last furlong. Follow up.

ALEXIS was recommended following a promising performance at Hurst Park, and attention is again drawn to this gelding. Fought out a great finish to occupy second position over a mile at Doncaster. Will win over this distance.



Miss Margaret Dobie, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Dobie, and Capt. Roland Richardson, M.C., son of Brig.-Gen. H. L. Richardson, of Beggar's Bush House, Musselburgh, were married last week, and the picture above shows the bride and bridegroom leaving Chester Cathedral after the ceremony

Bassano

A picture of Miss Anne Johnstone-Smith, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnstone-Smith, of Glasgow, and Mr. G. J. Maddick, of Whitehall Court, who is closely associated with the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," taken after their wedding at St. Columba's, Pont Street, S.W.

Claude Harris

Miss Cynthia Leake, only daughter of the late Capt. George D. Leake and Mrs. Leake, whose engagement to Mr. John Morris, only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Morris, of Merston Manse, Chichester, has recently been announced

IT is hard to realise that Lord Harewood is now in his fiftieth year. He celebrated his forty-ninth birthday, though, last week. It seems only five or six years ago that he was still a bachelor and a Guards officer on the right side of forty. Now his eldest boy is ripe for preparatory school.

S

HEAVENS! (writes our Riviera correspondent). Have you heard all the stories which are sweeping back from Cannes and Antibes? Of the fight between two of the most beautiful women members of the Embassy Club, which is perhaps the discreetest way of disguising their rank? Of the famous author who went into the bar of a Cannes hotel clad in mauve shorts, and was greeted by the cocktail man with the word "darling"—at which the author is said to have knocked him down and then ordered a side-car?

S

THIS last story sounds to me as though it is being retailed the wrong way round. But no matter. In the next few days the sun-bathers will be back, and we

ROUND ABOUT THE RIVIERA

THE PREMIER'S DAILY PROMENADE

Mr Ramsay MacDonald hurrying to the House on Emergency Budget day, preceded by police and followed by detectives in case of his "fans," seen on the pavement, should become too exuberant in their enthusiastic attentions

will hear from their own lips about the truth of these and many other escapades which are the subject of so much piquant comment. The sun does odd things to people if they bask too long in it, and that is a fact.

THIS season can only be described as the "die-hard" season; it just will *not* pass away, and no wonder, when there are so many amusing things to do and to see. Life has become ridiculous, but it is such an amusing lunacy. Men in yellow linen trousers, and women who come to the smartest of dinner parties in pyjamas made of white towelling. I attended a wonderful dinner party at the "Boîte de Matelots" at Cannes the other day, where two charming American hostesses, besides providing a most improbably luxurious meal, had retained the services of a fortune-teller and photographer. I soon found, however, that the fortune-teller was to amuse the guests, while the photographer's business was to take a picture of every course as it was brought to the table!

THE "Miramar" bar at Cannes has been, and still is, one of the wonders of the Riviera season. It is so packed that to discover one's friends is an impossibility. Déshabille of every kind is so much in vogue that a furore of protest was aroused the other day when Michael Arlen arrived for his cocktail dressed as for Bond Street. To counteract this, however, Rex Evans was seen at Juan-les-Pins Casino resplendent in dinner jacket and white waistcoat, but minus socks.

PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, since acquiring a small yacht, has become the complete musical comedy "tar." Everyone expects him to hitch up his baggy blue trousers and dance a hornpipe at any minute.

MONTE CARLO beach is the most wonderful bathing plage in Europe, but its chief characteristic is a bar every three yards as you advance to the bathing pool, where there is yet another resplendent bar; the sea is consequently empty. Under two dozen rather tired palm trees hastily planted this spring you will find a branch of every shop from the Rue de la Paix to Regent Street, but don't let's laugh. The effort to amuse has been wonderful, and at least we have the only summer climate.

THE MAN WHO THREW THE BOMB

Mr. Arthur Henderson at Paddington after throwing a bomb at Bristol when, at the T.U Congress, he declared himself in favour of tariffs. Another sudden conversion of a hide-bound free-trader

Lady Houston, whose munificence allowed Great Britain to fight for the Schneider Trophy; shaking hands with Sq-Leader Orlebar, who would have been one of the pilots to fly for Great Britain had not France and Italy withdrawn from the contest. Great Britain has thus won the Trophy outright

AT THE PLAY

VERY QUEER CUSTOMERS AT A VERY

"Grand Hotel," at the Adelphi

REVOLVING stages, which seem to be fitted to many theatres nowadays, appear to breed revolving plays. *Grand Hotel* at the Adelphi is a case in point. There is no main theme, but the interest goes round and round, first fixing the attention of the audience on one set of characters and then to another.

THIS adaptation of Vicky Baum's novel is, I should think, very like the book, and as *Grand Hotel* between boards has many admirers, there was an audience ready-made as soon as it was produced. But a good book, if it be episodic, especially if faithfully followed, does not necessarily make a good play. Contrariwise. And I should hesitate to label Edward Knoblock's adaptation an epoch-making piece of dramatic composition, though, thanks to the characters, it is interesting and entertaining.

I FEEL that *Grand Hotel* would make a better film than a play, because let the stage revolve ever so quickly the constant intervals when the curtain falls between the snapshot scenes is a bar to sustained interest. Dramatists working on more old-fashioned and, I maintain, better lines, when there was no break for forty-five minutes in the action, had time to "build up" a scene, and, by their artistry, make the spectators absorbed in the fate of the characters. With intervals, however short and which can be dispensed with on the screen, one's absorbtion is distracted, and the dramatist is faced with the difficulty of starting again (nineteen times at the Adelphi) to recapture the broken thread of interest.

IT may be the fault of this particular play rather than that of the revolving stage that *Grand Hotel* seems to possess no particular beginning, no middle and still less end. When one sees a play written by an accomplished dramatist like, say, Somerset Maugham, you feel that by the time he has finished that it is a complete work of art; that he has forgotten nothing vital, and left nothing of import left unseen and unsaid. The finish of *Grand Hotel* is distinctly ragged and leaves too much to the imagination.

BUT even though they are only seen in snippets the characters *do* interest. The temperamental Russian dancer, beautifully played by Elena Miramova, holds the attention, as does the young thief who becomes her lover, of whom young Hugh Williams makes much. Other characters which help to rivet attention are Christine Flamm, a shorthand-typist with a penchant for prostitution, a part in which Ursula Jeans shows unexpected talent; the dying clerk out for a good time before shuffling—he could only shuffle—off this mortal coil as pictured by Ivor Barnard; the sensual business man, not scrupulously honest, and whose fate is left to the imagination of Lyn Harding; the doctor who acts as Greek Chorus, a memorable picture by Ernest Milton, and many of the minor characters all deserving of praise, so well etched in and so well played are they. Yes, it is the character drawing which redeems this production of *Grand Hotel* from being a mere advertisement of what the revolving stage can do.

SKETCHES OF "GRAND HOTEL," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

AS producer, Raymond Massey has worked wonders, but, nevertheless, I hope mechanics will not take the place of playwriting in the theatre in an effort to beat the cinema at its own game. The stage has now a new machine, but dramatists should force it to be their slave and not allow it to be their master.

The foyer of the "Grand Hotel" showing some of the very diversified types of guests. From left to right are: Christine Flamm (Ursula Jeans), a shorthand-typist, but not always, Baron von Gaigern (Hugh Williams), a swell-mobsman, Director Preysing (Lyn Harding), a swindling manufacturer, Otto Kringelein (Ivor Barnard), a sick-to-death-clerk, Doctor Otternschlag (Ernest Milton), a dope addict, Lisaveta Grusinskaja (Elena Miramova), a Russian dancer, and a polite guest interviewing the assistant reception clerk (Reginald Atkinson)

GRAND HOTEL — By Vernon Woodhouse

Christine Flamm (Ursula Jeans) sees the shadow of Preysing (Lyn Harding) creeping towards her

"The Young Idea," at the St. Martin's

THIS revival of a very early Noel Coward play is interesting if only for the purpose of showing how great an advance this dramatist has since made. The very young idea in young Mr. Noel Coward's mind was, I presume, to show what an unpleasant crowd he considered the huntin' set to be.

IN order to do this he contrasts them with a brother and sister of tender years who are two of the most insufferable little bounders it is possible to imagine. They are described in the play by one of their elders as "always sniggering in corners and making rude remarks." That sums them up exactly, and I cannot think that a happy ending is contrived for this play when, by their connivance, they induce their father to return to their mother. The poor man has in front of him a task more than Herculean if he wishes to make his offspring decent members of society. I doubt if their mother noticed anything radically wrong in their behaviour!

THERE are some very square pegs in some obviously round holes in the casting of this revival, but this stricture does not apply to Jane Millican (wife No. 2), Iris Hoey (wife No. 1), and Cecil Parker, the husband, who play the elderly folk, while Celia Clement showed a distinct sense of character in a minor part.

V. W.

Both Doctor Otternschlag (Ernest Milton) and Otto Kringelein (Ivor Barnard) "get the needle"

Baron von Gaigern (Hugh Williams) produces the stolen pearls and repentently returns them to their owner, Lisaveta Grusinskaja (Elena Miramova)

Director Preysing (Lyn Harding) about to give Kringelein (Ivor Barnard) a different kind of "fling" to that which he sought

LEADING THE SIMPLE LIFE

Government House, Farnborough, near Aldershot, being in the decorators' hands, General Sir Charles and Lady Harington have fled from there for the time being and are living the simple life in a caravan near by. This caravan may be recognised as a converted tramcar, and it has been decorated with ingenuity and taste by Lady Harington

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

NORTH of the Tweed double-owe-owe-owe . . . hello . . . hello, Baa . . . it's Moo speaking. . . . Yes, I'm in London . . . passing through. . . . The Queensberrys are back. . . . Catherine, I hear, is not too well . . . and the de Winton-Wills are here for a few days before going to Scotland, otherwise the place is desolate . . . save for men groaning under affairs of State. . . . Most intense!

* * *

EVERYONE very thrilled over Olive Wilson-Filmer's engagement . . . it was not a great surprise to most people. . . . Olive owns that divine place, Leeds Castle, which is like a fairy-tale palace with every modern convenience . . . golf course and coloured bathrooms. . . . What more could one want? . . . But Olive always looks sad . . . and rather bored. . . . A poor little rich girl, do you think? . . . Well, third time lucky on the Matrimonial Stakes! Here's to her. . . .

MY dear, what excitements you have had in the North. . . . We all heard about the young thing who was asked to leave the reel . . . because she did. . . . I believe her mother is now contemplating India for the winter. . . .

Of course, this last week everyone has talked flying! . . . I'll tell you who is going to be a very good pilot, and that is Kathleen Rollo . . . she is so pretty and looks adorable in a helmet. . . . Kathleen has a demure appearance, which is most attractive, as it is combined with a sharp wit. . . . Lady Howard de Walden is also taking lessons . . . and I believe her three daughters also. . . . Lady Howard is a capable, rather reserved personality. . . . Her house in Belgrave Square is very formal . . . and a little cheerless, perhaps, but, then, big houses often are. . . .

* * *

TELL me who you have seen in the North. . . . Joan Verney? . . . She has been at Ballater. . . . Isn't she nice? . . and has the Royal prerogative of concentrating when one is talking. . . . Have you noticed how few people do these days? . . . Lionel Portarlington, of course, is the worst of all. . . . He asks a question and never waits for the answer! . . .

* * *

WHOM did you say you saw before leaving Ireland . . . the Headforts? . . . Lady Headfort is nice, isn't she? . . . and so clever . . . one of the few of the famous Gaiety girls who really made a successful marriage. . . . She is talented . . . a little temperamental, perhaps . . . but with great personal charm. . . . Headfort House is very comfortable. . . .

* * *

DO you think that appendicitis is catching? . . . It always seems to go through the family if one member of it starts. . . . Lady Grant had her's out the other day, and now her daughter, Esther, has followed suit. . . .

* * *

MARGARET GRANT, whom you also know as Margaret Cochran, has a lovely voice . . . and is a very good actress. . . . Like Madeleine Carroll, she combines with the latter talent a flair for cooking . . . and even has a cookery book by her bed. . . . Can a good housewife do more? . . .

* * *

SUCH a lot of good wishes were received by the Dowager Lady Lytton and the Dowager Lady Loch on their ninetieth birthday. . . . They were once as famous for their twinship as the Ruthvens. . . . Talking of twins, the Blades, who have been at Seaview all the summer, tell me that they have been annoyed by people making a noise on the beach under their windows until the early hours of the morning. . . . I always thought "courting couples" were quiet . . . but not in the Isle of Wight, apparently. . . .

* * *

OCTOBER is going to be an expensive month in wedding presents. . . . Lady May Cambridge's, for one . . . and Rosamary Nichols, for another. . . . Rosamary, who is marrying Peter Horlick, is dark, and affects the most extraordinary necklaces of coins and queer metals. . . . They suit her . . . but I am getting a little tired of peculiar jewellery; aren't you, Baa? . . .

* * *

FEW people wear really odd clothes these days . . . like Juliette Compton used to don before she went to America. . . . The John family are an exception, of course, in lilac trousers . . . orange hats, etc. . . . They told me the most thrilling stories of the Beaulieu gymkhana.

* * *

I SEE there are to be several charity balls this winter. . . Who will be able to afford them? . . . Not me, Baa, dear. . . Charity will have to begin at home now. . . . Good-bye, dear. . . . I must go. . . I can't afford another three minutes. . . .

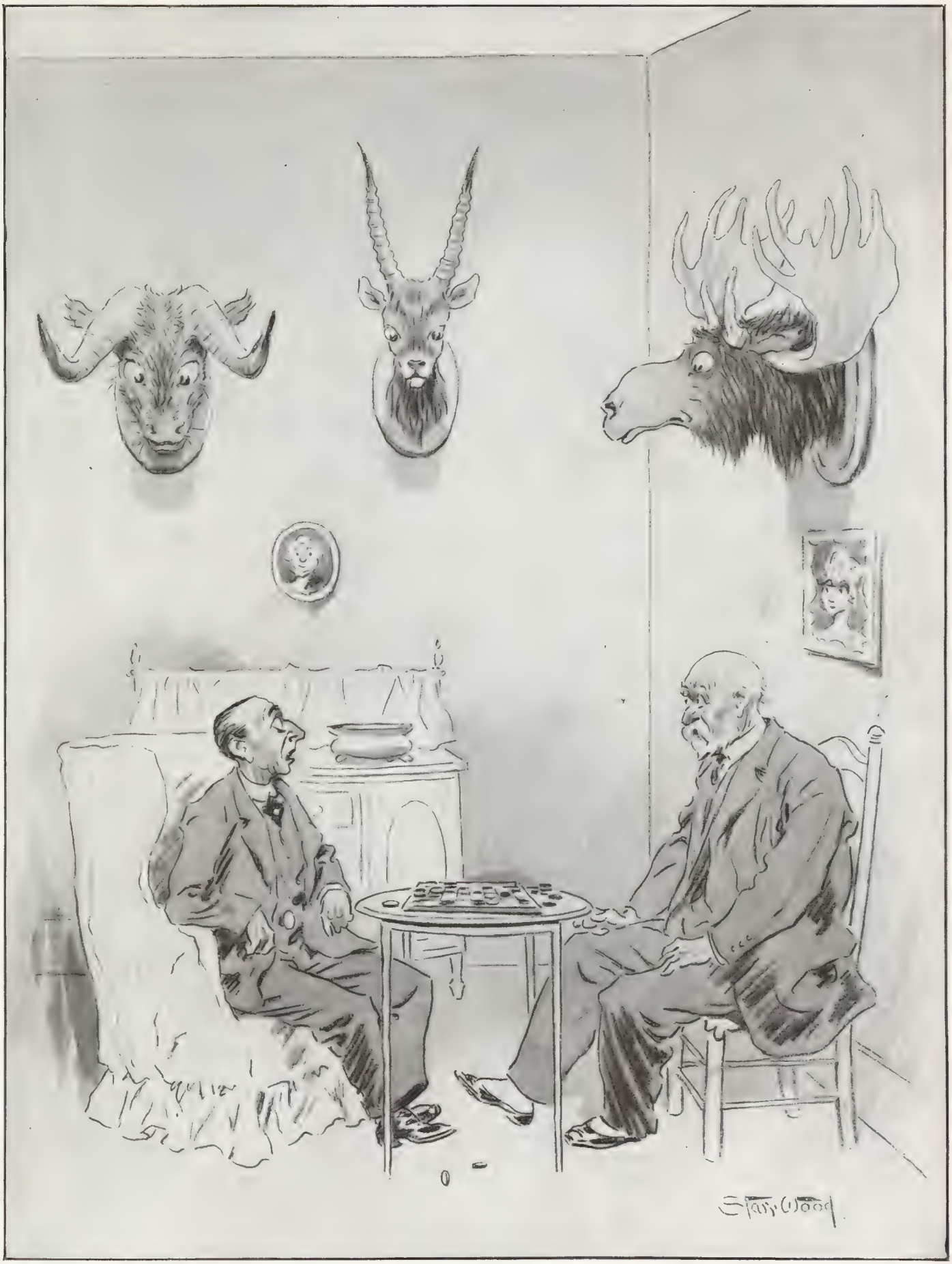
BY VICTOR HICKS

THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY

The Dream of the Golfer who forgot his GUINNESS a day

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E. 166.



BY STARR WOOD

"Do you mind if we move to another room? I can't play when I'm being watched"

if Gossip we

Mabel Rohey

Adrianne Allen, who is accompanying her husband, Raymond Massey, to America, whither he is going to play Hamlet. Miss Allen is herself an actress of distinction, and one of her latest appearances was in Noel Coward's "Private Lives." The frock she is wearing is a harmony of nigger-brown and biscuit

STANDING out far above the wranglings of the more sordid (and more vocal) of our politicians is the magnificent example of His Majesty the King in instituting a £50,000 a year economy cut. There is no question of dragging the Throne into politics in pointing out that this is one answer to those who imagine that the best way to meet a financial crisis is to plunge into further extravagance.

THE actions of His Majesty during the present troubles have been such as the whole world admires. A man no longer young, and far from robust, he took that tiring journey from Scotland, which he had only just reached, in order to be present at the formation of the Emergency Government, and played a much stronger and decisive part during those negotiations than is generally supposed. He has made a cut in his Civil List (those who imagine, by the way, that the King is a vastly wealthy man are wrong) which is far from being nominal or a mere gesture. In short, he has acted as we should have expected a monarch of infinite tact, wisdom, and unselfishness to act at a time when a lead is most valuable to the nation.

WHAT ARE THE ARTIFICIAL WAVES SAYING?

At the Luna Park Baths, Berlin, in which Berliners disport themselves from seven in the morning until midnight contrivance which produces artificial waves, as seen in the pictures above, on the seventeen hundred square yards of water. indulge in sun bathing on a vast space provided for the purpose. An artificial sur

BUT that has always been King George's way. During the War he submitted to the same food restrictions as his people, and he banished alcohol from Buckingham Palace—not to placate the Pussy-foots, but in order to share in the discomforts of many of his subjects and to emphasise the necessity of a serious national effort involving the

BY A. R. CANE

"I hear she is just divorced. I wonder who got her cook?"

must

The joy of swimming in baths is added to by a mechanical Six hundred cabins are provided for patrons, who can also has not yet been installed

rigid eschewing of every form of pleasure or of non-essential expenditure until the enemy was defeated.

As in war, so in peace. The King, with his infallible instinct for doing the right thing at the right time, has done a service to his country of which the sacrifice of £50,000 a year, large sum though it is, is only intrinsically a drop in the ocean. But the significance of it shines out for the world to see. It shows other nations, who may have hitherto been a trifle sceptical of our economy plans, that Great Britain, with a Royal lead, is in earnest. And the part that the Sovereign is playing in keeping the sovereign healthy is not to be overlooked. Never has the prestige of the Throne stood higher than it stands to-day. Never has it had an occupant more widely respected.

THIS ECONOMY BUSINESS

"ECONOMY in All Things," is the watchword,
And theatre folk, of course, will play their part,
But I do hope they'll take care
As to what they prune and pare
And do their duty by the Thespian Art.
When Cochran in the future puts a show on
He may reduce his chorus, it is said,
But a better thing to do
With his very next Revue
Would be to cut the dresses down instead!

Some film stars might economise in husbands,
And make the old one do for quite two years;
Certain actors whom we know
Might economy now show
By cutting down by half those friends who're Peers.
That doyen of the Grill room, Hannen Swaffer,
Might, though I doubt it much, economise,
And cut down by quite a lot
That wild lavishness he's got
For using up the printer's stock of "I's."

If I'd the space this week at my disposal,
Which, through no fault of mine, alas! I've not,
I would let you have some more
Brilliant notions by the score
Such splendid plans for saving I have got.
But in conclusion I have one suggestion
Which every man and woman will vote grand,
Income Tax Collectors now
Should record a solemn vow
To cut down by half that dreaded last demand!

B. W.

Mrs. Edward Joicey, perhaps better known as Violet Loraine, wife of Col. Edward Joicey, M.C., with her two children, John Edward (left) and Richard Raylton, in the garden of Blenkinsopp Castle, Northumberland, which dates from the fourteenth century After too long an absence, she has been induced to return to the stage and will appear in a new musical comedy called "Stepping Sisters," which will be seen in London in October or thereabouts

I FOUND those bright but chilly days last week distinctly cheerful. They had, for one thing, ushered in the T.U.C. conference, the doings of which must have gladdened the hearts of those who had had some idea that the plump persons smoking pipes, whom we see so frequently photographed as the men who pull the strings behind the scenes, are men of mighty intelligence.

THEY possess, of course, a certain crafty shrewdness, or they would not have reached the positions they have, and they are endowed in full measure with the gift of the gab. Their influence should not be underrated, for it is foolish to underestimate the strength of the enemy.

BUT when it comes to vital problems they are essentially stupid, partly because stupidity is their birthright and partly because class prejudice, in which they are soaked from scalp to heel, prevents them taking more than a one-sided view of things. And stupidity will always defeat itself in the long run, though there is always the undoubted risk of a certain amount of harm being done before that desirable end comes about.

Isabel Jeans as Leslie, in "Counsel's Opinion," at the Strand Theatre, who, on her first appearance, is dressed in a charming costume of the time of Charles II, and later appears in this very modern and equally charming frock

The famous Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, giving an out-of-door performance of W. B. Yeats' mystic play, "Hawk's Well," in the grounds of Renvyle House Hotel, Co. Galway

MR. HAYDAY, for instance, having found a phrase or a slogan, or whatever is the correct name—"Until we govern the banks the banks will govern us"—is inordinately proud of it. The docile *Daily Herald* takes it up, of course, and declares the following day that "it expresses the dominant idea in the minds of millions of people in this country."

S

I HAVE too high a view of the intelligence of "millions of people in this country" to believe that it does anything of the sort; it merely dominates the minds of some Socialist M.P.s and leader-writers. But, even if it were the view of the majority, I would point out that a wise old bird named Ibsen once wrote a wise play called *An Enemy of the People.*

S

IN this he asked to be preserved from the power of the majority, who are mostly fools, since there are more fools than wise men in the world. I am more optimistic, however, than Ibsen, both as to human intelligence and as to the extent to which the country at large is likely to echo the soap-box nonsense of the T.U.C.

S

THE banks do not govern. They are themselves governed, not by people, but by financial facts. To talk of launching an assault on the banks at the present juncture is just about as sensible as shooting a taxi-driver because his clock registers an amount you have some difficulty in paying.

S

THE dragon in the path of economy is the T.U.C., but a much more amusing dragon has lately made its appearance in book form, which, in the main, deals with the adventures of Dennys Rouge Dragon of the Fiery Breath, which delighted readers of *The Sketch* when they were published serially in that paper. Alfred Leete, the artist who is responsible for its birth, is as full of ideas as an

By Wilson Fenning

WIFE: "I wonder if bustles *will* come in?"
HUSBAND: "No—they'll stick out"

egg is full of meat, but it was years before his humour and inventiveness were appreciated—by editors.

WHEN I first knew Alfred Leete he pointed a joke against himself by plastering his studio with "Editor regrets" slips, of which he had received a vast quantity! To-day he is sought after, not least by advertisers in search of posters which attract the public eye.

ALFRED LEETE is a good billiards player and can make shots which are sometimes startling, but nothing like so startling as some of his calls at bridge!

AND so Willy Clarkson is going to retire! I can hardly believe it. Nor will I believe that so long as life is in him Willy will cease to attend first-nights and to be seen at fancy-dress balls dressed as Henri Quatre and dancing with the vigour of a youth of twenty. I have known him for years and years, and in that time he has never changed in the slightest.

NO one knows quite how old Willy Clarkson is. I only know that he does not suggest age at all, and that he camouflages his years in a wondrous way. But, then, he is such a master of camouflage that I almost believe a theatrical friend of mine who declares that he firmly believes in the astounding theory he has evolved that the real Willy is not a shortish, sturdy man, with pink cheeks and a beard, but a long, dark, clean-shaven individual, with lantern jaws and a deep baritone voice. Anyway, I hope Willy lives for ever, in or out of retirement, for he is a character.

HOW JAPAN PLAYS FOOTBALL

Japan is more and more learning Western habits, and football has now been taken up with an enthusiasm obvious from the above photograph, which shows Court Retainers at Kyoto. The veteran of the team is about to kick-off in a dignified Eastern manner, and it is to be hoped that none of the players will attempt to "head" the ball

An impression by Hynes of Willie Clarkson, the famous perruquier, whose natural hirsute adornments rival the most artistic efforts of his own creation. He has announced his intention of shortly retiring from business, but he will doubtless still attend first-nights and offer his many friends a "cup o' tea" during the entr'actes

Constance Bennett, the film star, whose beggarly salary is reputed to be only £6,000 a week. After a mysterious visit to Europe, she has now returned to America, and it is believed that the Marquis de la Falaise has followed in her train. It is also suggested that when he is divorced from Gloria Swanson the Marquis may marry Constance Bennett. The world waits anxiously for news that is definite

PICTURES, SILENT BUT SPEAKING—

On the left : Lew Cody, Constance Bennett and Joel McCrea in a scene from "The Common Law." Though pictured on a ship the cast are by no means "all at sea." This film is being shown at the Leicester Square Theatre, where a 50/50 film-variety show is being given

Below : Vanda Greville in a Gaumont British production entitled "A Gentleman of Paris." Of Norwegian-Scottish parentage and French by marriage, she took a leading part in "Le Million"

A scene picturing Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor, described as "the world's screen lovers," in "The Man Who Came Back," now generally released. They have just finished a screen version of Israel Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann," which will soon be shown in England. Janet Gaynor can be seen at the Tivoli in "Daddy Long Legs"

Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen in a scene from "Transatlantic," an all-talking Fox film drama, which was presented for the first time at the New Gallery on Sunday last, September 13. The story deals with a cosmopolitan crowd of passengers crossing from New York to Europe

OF POPULAR FILMS OF THE DAY

Lucia Amory (Adrianne Allen) and her friend watch Dr. Carelli (Dino Galvani) win at the tables. A scene in the film adaptation of Agatha Christie's successful play, "Black Coffee"

Another scene from "Black Coffee." Poirot (Austin Trevor), the famous detective, discovers that the medicine chest has been moved overnight from its usual place, and questions Barbara Amory (Elizabeth Allan) and Captain Hastings (Richard Cooper)

The Conjurer's Medium in "The Spider," a film adaptation of the play bearing the same title. Howard Phillips takes this part and is seen about to be embraced by a rather different "maiden" than that usually seen on the screen

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

DICTATORS UP TO DATE — By "Junius"

SINCE Armageddon turned Europe into a boiling-pot, with countries, peoples, frontiers, old traditions, and new theories going round and round like an unbroken chain of bubbles, we have seen a curious phase of history—a swing back of the pendulum. The dictatorships, the personal rule of the individual, in Italy, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia, Spain, and Turkey, are just a return to conditions hundreds of years old.

WITH the exception of Turkey, these dictatorships took the place of constitutional governments gained by bloodshed, exile, and martyrdom—afterwards rewarded by monuments—in the time of our grandfathers. Italy, for instance, was drenched with blood, and had very busy gallows before she gained her liberation in 1870 from the tyranny of petty princes and potentates. After fifty years of a Parliamentary and Constitutional Government she accepted Mussolini, just as a chicken accepts the sheltering wing of a mother-hen, because she realised that the sordid game to which Italian politics had been reduced was bringing the country to Bolshevism. Mussolini's dominance was her only refuge. Spain, Jugo-Slavia, and Hungary have been less happy in their dictatorships. These are matters of yesterday.

OF these five dictatorships two only have been successful. Each by a different method, but each showing the genius of the dictator, his grasp of the national problem. Mussolini, the former Socialist journalist, achieved revolution by a whole-hearted support of the Monarchy. Being Italian, he knew that to sweep away the House of Savoy would create a chaos which would overwhelm himself and the country.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL, the son of an Anatolian peasant, substituted his own personal dominance for the tyranny of the former Sultans. In the West we know little of the present ruler of Turkey, or of the events that led to Turkey becoming a republic. The story is told in *Mustapha Kemal: Between Europe and Asia* (Heinemann, 12*s.* 6*d.*), by Dagobert von Mikusch, translated by John Linton. And it is an amazing story; a romance of modern history.

THE biographer, being German, naturally has an anti-English bias. You feel, too, that there are lacunæ in this portrait of a man who has toppled Sultans off their thrones, changed the capital of Turkey from Constantinople to Angora, unveiled the Turkish women, unfezzed the Turkish man, and made himself Lord Paramount over millions of people by sheer force of personality and will. But, I wonder, what after Mussolini and Mustapha Kemal?

MUSTAPHA KEMAL

The story of whose life, under the title "Mustapha Kemal: Between Europe and Asia," has been published by Heinemann and is reviewed on this page

"SATURDAY NIGHT" (Heinemann, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Thomas Moult, is more a sketch than a novel—but a brilliant sketch of that London in which Saturday night is a high holiday. I make the distinction between sketch and novel because Mr. Moult's descriptions of his hero Mark Poplar's surroundings are so vivid, so real, that his characters become a secondary consideration. Mr. Moult, too, has the courage of his knowledge of the grey world into which Mrs. Poplar and her sons are flung. In that world "happy ever after" is not the inevitable end of the story, and that explains the conclusion of *Saturday Night*. This is a book you should read.

DEAR Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, how she prattles! And what fun she must have in writing, writing, for all the world like a nice great-aunt despatching weekly letters from an ebullient pen to great-nieces in the Colonies or military stations in India. But like a nice great-aunt with a passion for correspondence, Mrs. Sidgwick has a knowledge of character, and if you care to wade through her last book, *Storms and Tea-cups* (Collins, 7*s.* 6*d.*), you will agree with me. Only I hope you won't be as bored as I was.

IF you like history in the guise of fiction *The Irish Beauties* (Cassell, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by E. Barrington, will please you. It is the story of the two lovely Gunning sisters, Elizabeth, who became a double Duchess—Hamilton and Argyll—and Maria, who became Countess of Coventry. Mr. Barrington uses dazzling white for Elizabeth and distinctly darkish grey for Maria. I doubt if history would bear them out in this distinction between the sisters. Elizabeth certainly was the cleverer of the two. Maria was a goose. Mr. Barrington does not give her historic answer to George II. The odd-looking little monarch, with his white periwig and bright blue popping eyes, asked Lady Coventry what she most desired to see. "A coronation, your Majesty," she answered. In his book Mr. Barrington has combined history and romance very cleverly.

"IMAGINED CORNERS" (Secker, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Willa Muir, is a difficult book to review, because personally, I don't find any of the characters sympathetic, and the fates of two of them, the minister, David Murray, and Elizabeth Shand, the wife of a sensual ne'er-do-well, seem arbitrary. But, on the other hand, one must admire Mrs. Muir's skill in describing the life of a small Scottish town, and also her portrayal of widely differing characters, with the exception of Hector Shand, the ne'er-do-well. He appears to be overdrawn. It seems scarcely credible that a woman of the fibre of Elizabeth Shand would have tolerated him so long. But I take it the author's intention is to show that her marriage with Hector was Elizabeth's "imagined corner." The conclusion is tragedy, and you are left with the feeling that the story had other possibilities.

AS a small child I remember my nurse being enthralled by a weekly paper called *The Family Herald*. So enthralled that she used to read the serial story aloud to her charges every week. When I read *Dark Flame* (Stanley Paul, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Nevis Shane, I had an odd stirring of memory. Then, in a flash, I remembered the old stories in *The Family Herald*. The plot, the language, the atmosphere—shredded of its modern happenings—were exactly the same. In *Dark Flame* a gentleman who rejoices in three names, Eric Dacres, Lord Eric Dacres, and Lord Dacres, and who lives in Carlton House Terrace, proposes to a bedraggled girl he meets in the street and leaves her at the church door. Why he did either odd thing is not explained, but, just like the old *Family Herald* stories, he falls in love with her in the end.

BY LINDSAY CABLL

SEEN IN A FLASH!

BY SEVERINO TREMATOR

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

ELEGY at SPAGNOLI'S

by JOHN KENT

LADY BLUNE sat before the mirror in her bedroom and dispassionately regarded her reflection.

Not given to the distressing habit of constant and lengthy introspection, she was tolerably amused to compare the beautiful Lady Blune of to-day with the harum-scarum Betty Barlow of those halycon days before the War.

Then she had struggled hard to keep a footing in Chelsea, with the constant dread of being thrust through shortage of funds into the outer darkness of Walham Green. To-night she was struggling just as hard to keep a footing in Mayfair with the constant dread that the call of those bitter-sweet days would prove too much for her.

There sounded a knock on the door, and, even as she sighed and picked up her lipstick, her husband entered.

Sir Marcus Blune held only four things in life as being of any value. Success, vintage champagne, his wife and the latest model Rolls procurable. Even the value of these was, to him, entirely intrinsic. Sentimental or artistic value passed him by.

He crossed the room and stooped to kiss his wife's bare shoulder. Had it been covered she knew quite well that he would have omitted to kiss her at all. When he raised his head she was smiling, but it was perhaps as well that he had been unable to look into the glass as he had stooped to his salute. Betty Blune was undoubtedly a dutiful wife.

"Why, Marcus," she said, "have you actually changed for this dinner to-night?"

Fortunately he saw only surprise in her eyes and failed to notice the disgust.

"WELL, m'dear," he replied, fumbling with the overlarge black bow at his throat. "I felt that we should accord old Peter all the honour possible. Sort of family reunion and all that. Chelsea revisited, what?" He trailed off rather aimlessly, and his wife reflected bitterly that he had at any rate refrained from wearing a long coat and suspending his C.B.E. from his collar.

"You know, Betty, I think you should wear something a bit better than that old black dress which I see Marie has laid out for you. I can't help feeling that an evening dress is indicated. And wear your emeralds too. Let's show old Peter and these Chelsea-ites we have made good."

"If you wish it very much, Marcus," she replied with the faintest shrug. "But somehow this evening's arrangement seems less attractive than it did when you proposed it. Maybe Peter hasn't 'made good,' as you call it, himself. And in any case you can't have forgotten the crowd which used to dine at Spagnoli's seventeen years ago. They probably haven't altered much, and the arrival of a party in evening dress there would have caused us infinite amusement in the old days."

Seventeen years ago, Sir Marcus reflected, he had been far less wise than now. Thanks to his determination to take up painting seriously, his father, a wealthy North Country cotton spinner, had disowned him, and well had he deserved it. Poor sort of fool he had been to sacrifice wealth and comfort for a foolish ideal. Still, had he stayed in the mills he wouldn't have met Betty, nor experienced poverty, which formed a rather pleasing background against which to set his present affluence.

In those days the three of them, Betty, Peter and himself had been inseparable, although Betty was the only link between the two men. She was then eighteen, whilst he and Peter were about ten years her senior. She was attending Art classes and alternately selling an occasional miniature and welcoming the wolf back to her door. Peter contrived to earn an indifferent livelihood in black and white. They had been foolish days. A great waste of time, in fact, from his point of view, and yet the evening table à trois at Spagnoli's, the eighteenpenny dinners when the day's work was discussed and the future was welcomed as a gallant friend and not as a dreaded enemy, although they had not one rosy prospect between the three of them . . . He caught himself up on the verge of sentiment.

And then two minor crises had come into his life. First, rather to his surprise, Betty in a fit of pique, after one of her usual weekly quarrels with Peter, had agreed to marry him, and German troops had crossed the Belgian frontier.

Peter, with his unfailing foolhardiness, had dashed off and enlisted, whilst he, with greater wisdom, had effected his marriage with Betty and his reconciliation with his father before the month of August had run its course.

THEN had followed the four years of war. He had gone back to the mills where money, owing to his energy and foresight in converting existing plant for the manufacture of grey-back shirts, rapidly accumulated. His father's knighthood, and, later, baronetcy, and finally the old man's death, had left him in a strong financial and social position. Before the War ended he had been returned unopposed to the House, and his seat had not been contested since. And now he was in a fair way to obtaining a portfolio, and why not, later, the Privy Council? The Right Honourable Sir Marcus Blune, P.C., C.B.E. . . . Again he pulled himself up sharply. Daydreams were as bad as sentiment.

As to Betty, he had carried her with him, but Peter, whom he had always secretly disliked, at any rate had faded out of the picture.

They had twice seen his name in the casualty lists and three times in Despatches. Betty had developed quite an uncanny aptitude for discovering it. Then there had been a D.S.O. and eventually the command of a battalion. And then the Armistice and—silence. But just recently they had by chance come across the name and address of Peter's pre-war agents and a letter addressed care of them, suggesting this reunion had, much to their surprise, produced a reply. Even this reply was typical of Peter and far from satisfactory, for it consisted of four brief lines:

"I am very busy most nights but will do my best to keep the appointment at Spagnoli's. Will you allow me to leave it open like this? And forgive me if I fail to join you?—PETER.

Sir Marcus realised that his wife was ready.

"Even that kit is hardly what I meant, Betty," he grumbled, "but it's too late to change again now."

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As the Rolls slid past the Artillery Memorial Betty Blune, perhaps to hide her own nervousness, tried to make conversation.

"Did you notice Roberts when he handed you your gloves and hat just now, Marcus? I'm sure that man is in some sort of trouble. I wish you'd have a talk to him."

"Good Lord, Betty, who *is* Roberts? I never know one from the other, let alone their names. They seem to stand about in groups saying 'Yes, Sir Marcus,' or 'No, Sir Marcus,' and doing singularly little else. Besides, if I wasted my time hunting out other people's worries . . ."

The theme lasted him from Harrods to Brompton Hospital, and Betty settled down in her corner of the car with leisure to review her fears for the pending ordeal. Marcus had been slightly impossible in the old days, but he was almost intolerable now. And Peter . . . ? As they swung round South Kensington Station one of the crimson roses from the slim silver vase in front of her fell across her feet. She stooped forward to replace it and suddenly caught her breath as the bloom revived a vivid memory of a previous evening at Spagnoli's.

It was with something approaching panic that Betty realised that Spagnoli's had altered hardly at all. The same highly plated Aquafont held pride of place in the middle of the counter. The same rather dingy baskets of fruit flanked it.

"Spag" (one had only dared address him thus when one was firmly established as a regular customer) came forward to greet them. He had not aged a day, indeed he seemed slightly younger. And then she realised that this must be "Young Spag," the rather aimless son of the proprietor, who had assisted his father in the old days. Seventeen years—she had forgotten that.

Peter had not arrived, and they settled themselves at a none too clean table on exceedingly hard plush-seated chairs. No worse than it used to be, but by comparison with their later experiences almost unbearably sordid.

Spagnoli junior, bowing and smiling, approached them as soon as they were seated.

"But yes, madame, it is, alas, true. My so well-loved father 'as died last winter. For me, I am desolated, but it is ver' necessary for his great restaurant, so well known, to continue. And so, madame, you see it continues. But, of course, I remember m'sieu and madame perfectly. And M'sieu Peter? Per'aps 'e arrive to-night? But this is indeed formidable, yes?"

Spag's nationality, in spite of his name, had always puzzled them. Peter had maintained that he posed as a "citizen of Europe" in order to confuse the Law of Extradition.

"And now, M'sieu. What can I 'ave the pleasure of breenging for M'sieu?" he beamed.

"A clean fork," snapped Sir Marcus, gingerly inspecting the remnants of omelette on the one before him.

The proprietor withdrew. Even patrons who wore "le smoking" might not talk in that manner to Spagnoli.

A grey-haired and rather decrepit waiter was sent to take their order.

"May as well order our dinner, Betty, and get it over. Peter may not turn up, but we must wait a bit in any case, so just as well eat while we wait."

Sir Marcus put in his eye-glass and regarded the wilting menu fixedly. The purple ink of the cyclostyle had run, and the writing was in any case indifferent.

"Would you care to take the table d'hôte dinner, sir?" said the waiter, seeing his difficulty. He produced an almost equally illegible menu.

Sir Marcus replaced his monocle with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Can't read a dam' word of this, either," he snarled.

"I think I could recite that menu from memory," said Betty, "although we could seldom rise to the half-crown dinner before the War."

The waiter produced his pad.

"Soup, madame? Crême d'asperges or consommé?"

"The former sounds the more definite," suggested Sir Marcus.

"Fish?"

"No, no fish, thank you."

This proved too much for the indifference of Spagnoli, who rejoined them with an incredulous:

"You won't 'ave no feesh? But you can 'ave zoop *and* feesh."

Then, seeing that his clients were not attracted, added despairingly,

"Ze lady won't 'ave no feesh," and withdrew to the region of the Aquafont.

Having decided the remaining two courses of the dinner, Sir Marcus regarded the wine list bitterly.

"You may have remembered the menu, m'dear, but I can assure you that the wine list hasn't been renewed either. I distinctly remember this rather obese and scantily clad female in the top right-hand corner advertising a table water which it was always impossible to obtain here. I really think they might have got a new list, if not a larger selection of wines, in the last seventeen years."

The list started with a champagne from a well-known House at seventeen-and-six the bottle, and finished with Burgundy (unspecified) at three-and-six, and the cryptic postscript, "All wines and beers sent out for."

Whilst he was still complaining and debating the limited choice, his wife decided for him.

"We will drink," she said firmly, "Chianti."

For her mind was in the old days when

"Betty, glancing up from her task, caught her finger in the thorns and jerked the vase and its contents over on to the table"

Chianti was regarded as the height of extravagance and was produced only at such times as one of them had scored a success.

Her husband ordered a flask and commenced a bitter complaint at having to pay cash before it could be supplied. What a rotten hole it was.

"Cocktail?" he asked.

"Sherry, thanks!" replied Betty Barlow in the voice of Lady Blune.

Sir Marcus regarded her suspiciously, but ordered her Sherry and for himself a White Lady, which the local public-house had never heard of; a Sidecar, which was unobtainable; and finally, a dry Martini which eventually arrived sweetened.

Whilst he was giving his order Betty amused herself by studying the dining-room.

THE same distempered walls and the same home-made pink paper shades on the electric lamps, and, more noticeable still, the same young men with flowing bows and overlong hair who contrived to look infinitely more effeminate than the young women they had with them. These were the self-complacent failures whose highest ambition now was to sit on cushions in other people's studios and criticise the canvases of their less easily satisfied brethren. There was, of course, the same leavening of genuine seekers after success and already successful young artists, but these were not so easily recognised as their clothes were not designed deliberately to betray them. However, to their honour, all, as far as one could see in public, were perfectly happy.

Naturally both she and her husband were causing a certain amount of interest, and she could well imagine the remarks which would be made as soon as they had departed. Seventeen years ago she would have said things just as bitter about nouveaux riches who dressed to dine in a diminutive restaurant in the Fulham Road.

Sir Marcus, anathematising an underdone cutlet, demanded her attention.

"To think that, thanks to this fantastic piece of romance, I should be insulted with offal of this description whilst there are such things as cantelupes and lobster to be had for the asking in London on a sultry night like this, defies imagination. Peter must have dined here recently, and I can almost forgive him for his casual behaviour in not turning up if that is the case. Why you should have been so set on this amazing interlude. . . ."

Lady Blune permitted this injustice to pass, although Betty Barlow would have joined issue intrepidly. She was grateful for the fact that her husband was pleasantly engaged with his complaints, and thus gave her an opportunity of watching the street door through which she hoped Peter would come at any minute.

She wondered how often she had seen him swing in through that door in the past, his soft hat crammed over his eyes, his blackened briar in full blast, and his inevitable *Pall Mall Gazette* grasped in his long fingers, on which were still faint traces of Indian ink. Long-limbed and slightly dishevelled, he would stride to their table and plunge into some controversial subject which would involve all three of them in heated argument.

She could not picture him as time had probably made him to-day, although glancing across the table at Sir Marcus brought her back to realities and gave her to think.

Her husband was regarding her through beady eyes over his billowing and far too expansive shirt front. He reminded her vividly of a pouter pigeon which had been recently and indifferently starched. . . .

But this was the irrepressible Betty Barlow. Lady Blune recovered herself.

Even her husband, either from the effects of his diminutive dinner, or the flask of harsh Italian wine, had partially succeeded in recapturing the past, and now started to revive memories which his wife was doing her utmost to stifle.

"Do you remember, m'dear," he asked, "the night we nearly came to blows in this café, just before the War? And how we decided that you should give a rose to the one you would marry? Darned sentimental we were in those days, what?"

He chuckled, and Betty bent over the cheap glass vase of crimson roses which decorated their table and started to rearrange them, giving her attention to the task perhaps to avoid a reply.

"Yes, Betty," he continued, "it was to be a red rose. And then, of course, we found that there wasn't a red rose in the place. The usual anti-climax to these absurdly romantic situations. And so, not to be outdone, you gave a white rose from the table vase." He regarded her with a look of almost genuine affection, and added, "You know, I always meant to keep that thing. I wonder what on earth became of it."

(*Continued on page* 606)

PARIS GOSSIP

BASKING AT BIARRITZ

General Trotter, the Prince of Wales' Equerry, enjoying the sea-bathing at the Chambre d'Amour pool. Left to right: Mrs. Isham, Prince Lobkowicz, Mrs. Meadsam, General Trotter, M. Lo Savio, Baronne de Bonstetten and Mme. Lo Savio

A LOOK ROUND PARIS & ELSEWHERE — By Sylvia Lyon

THE quiet hiatus of September in Paris allows one to reflect on the long "summer" season that is passing and the forthcoming autumn one. This hiatus was slightly punctured by the arrival of Mayor Jimmie Walker, of New York, who immediately attended a banquet wearing the bluest shirt I ever saw to match the bluest eyes I ever saw, a red face and a tan (beige is no word for it) suit. He was greeted by all the most patriotic New Yorkers from Chicago and South Bend, Indiana, and the most gala illuminations of the Arc de Triomphe and the Place de la Concorde persisted until long after midnight all the week, probably so that the celebrated visitor could find his way home to the Hôtel Crillon.

LA season, the term now employed by all the universal-minded, was the most successful ever known to the Riviera. The bright spot of Cannes was La Boîte à Matelots, installed in a corner of the Palm Beach Casino, with a décor of fishing-nets and dory, and tattooed "mokos" as the fiercest - looking entertainers and chasseurs ever seen in any night-club anywhere, including the Russian. This cabaret was taken over one night by the Comte and Comtesse Etienne de Beaumont, who reversed the usual formula for their parties: for this one no guest was allowed to spend more than twenty francs for his costume. They therefore consisted of everything from a foulard tied about the waist to being painted by Van Dongen, providing, of course, that you were on sufficiently intimate terms with Van Dongen. Prince Sixte de Bourbon was there, and the Duc and Duchesse de Noailles, the Duc and Duchesse d'Ayen, the Duc de Luynes, the Duc de la Tremoille, Lady Abdy, Sir Alfred Beit, and the leader of the Party of Five (or is it four?), Sir Oswald Mosley, and Lady Cynthia Mosley.

UNTIL the end of September the centre of Continental life will be Biarritz. People come to life at midday, when they swim in the pool at the Chambre d'Amour or in the sea, if they happen to notice the sea. The Chambre d'Amour is excessively chic, because it can only be reached by motor-car. The grill-room is most attractive, the ceiling and walls painted in a dull scarlet and ivory design, one end open and facing a terrace and the sea. Great tables are in readiness with hors d'œuvres and fruit, for people stay on to lunch after a swim and a cocktail. Near the grill and at the far end of the pool is a series of bathing cabins which are to let for the

(Continued on page 606)

AT AIX-LES-BAINS

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Huskinson on their honeymoon at the Hotel Splendide. Mr. Huskinson is the well-known editor of "The Tatler"

FILIAL REGARD

The ex-Crown Prince of Germany and his wife starting on a motor trip to visit his father, the ex-Kaiser, at Doorn

EDNA BEST VERY MUCH AT HOME

Sasha

Edna Best, whose dash from filming at Hollywood to New York in order to join her husband, and thus breaking her American contract, may be recalled, is now at work on pictures in England. When not engaged as a star in film-land she enjoys a country life and is seen here teaching her Aberdeen, Duncan, to jump for an apple. Further pictures of her country activities—and those of the famous twins—will be found overleaf

SCENES, INCIDENTS, AND EDNA BEST'S

Edna Best's twin sons, John and James, indulge in cricket with a distinguished field. John is batting to the bowling of Michael Balcon (Managing Director of Gainsborough Pictures) while Herbert Marshall, Victor Saville, Elizabeth Allen, W. J. O'Bryen, Henry Adley and Donald Crisp show activity in the field

Edna Best shaking a branch of an apple tree at "Red Roofs," Littlewick Green, near Maidenhead. She and her husband, Herbert Marshall, here find rest and recreation

IN BEAUTIFUL BERKSHIRE

A general view of "Red Roofs," Littlewick Green, near Maidenhead, the country house which Edna Best and Herbert Marshall have rented from Ivor Novello during the latter's absence in America

TWINS AT HOME NEAR MAIDENHEAD

WEEK-END GUESTS

At "Red Roofs" there is much entertaining, and the picture shows three of Edna Best's and Herbert Marshall's guests: Mr. Henry Adley, Mr. Michael Balcon and Mr. Victor Saville (directing "Michael and Maru," in which host and hostess are starring)

PRETTY POLLY!

Edna Best has a few minutes private conversation with her pet parrot, and, unlike some parrots, a bird of amiable disposition

CRICKETERS IN THE MAKING

Two embryonic Hobbs, John and James, Edna Best's twins, who have had every opportunity this summer of learning how to bat on a wet wicket

Photographs by Sasha

PARIS GOSSIP (*continued from page 602*)

THE BAR BASQUE

Miss Joyce Grieg, who has a villa at Biarritz, with her Cairn, appropriately called Cocktail. On the left is Miss Irene Browne, who has returned to London to rehearse in Noel Coward's "Cavalcade"

average price of ten thousand francs for the season, and all have been rented. The tables and chaises longues and chairs are charmingly covered in bright blue patent leather. Most of the women are covered in dark blue or brown pyjamas, and I hope that when this season is over I will never even hear the word pyjama again. It was all very well when the output came from the grands couturiers, but once the grands magasins started making them they were finished.

BESIDES the golf links at Chiberta and Hossegor, where the Prince of Wales and his party have been playing daily, there is a new course over at Chantaco which was laid out and is owned by M. Thion de la Chaume. His own villa overlooks the course, and near by is that of his daughter, who, as Simone Thion de la Chaume, was the French woman golf champion, and her husband, René Lacoste, the tennis star. There is a quiet simplicity about Biarritz. Between three and five o'clock it is the custom to visit the dressmakers' collections. They all have branch shops here: Helene Yrande, Hermés, Mirande, Worth, Callot, and so has Caroline Reboux for those who dare not wear a béret Basque. Everything is so conveniently arranged for leading the simple life: Barclays Bank is next door to Captain Molyneux, while Lloyds is next door to Chanel.

LES MIRACLES, the Paris cinema in the Rue Réaumur, with its blue ceiling, red and gold curtains, and golden proscenium, has the most extraordinary walls I have ever seen. Draped in loose-hanging grey satin, just as one has recovered from a sound film showing a jolly German student sailing ship en route to the Cape of Good Hope, a mechanised wind starts blowing up and down the curtains, with a most upsetting effect. This theatre is now showing *Morocco*, in French, with loud laughs from the audience at the finale. Even Marlene Dietrich would not be allowed to follow the Foreign Legion into the desert. If so, how could the Legion keep up its tradition of hardship? But, of course, the French are very proud that, despite the loud blowing of a wind-storm upon the French Moroccan desert, not a grain of sand stirs!

S. L.

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim (centre) indulging in a little badinage with Admiral Sir Victor Stanley, Lord Derby's brother, at Lady Norman's villa, Clos de la Garoupe, Antibes

Mr. Paul Tanqueray (right), the well-known photographer, and Mr. Donald Angus, the American author, on holiday in Salzburg, acting up to the adage, When in Austria, dress as the Austrians do. Many well-known people have been staying in Salzburg for the musical festival. An exhibition of Mr. Tanqueray's work is being given in New York this month

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ELEGY AT SPAGNOLI'S (*continued from page 601*)

He paused to consider the problem.

The waiter reached over to refill his glass, and Betty, glancing up from her task, caught her finger in the thorns and jerked the vase and its contents over on to the table.

"Really, Betty," stuttered Sir Marcus, mopping his knees vigorously, "really, that was exceedingly clumsy of you."

She regarded the vivid blooms sprawled between them stupidly, then, while the waiter hastily removed the débris and straightened up the table, she gathered them up and seemed to regain her usual poise.

Having tendered a suitable apology she drew her cloak round her and prepared to depart.

"It doesn't look as if Peter will join us. Shall we go?" she said.

"By all means. We have wasted an evening, eaten a positively revolting dinner, and talked a great deal of nonsense. But if it has successfully laid the ghost of all the past for you, perhaps it will have been worth it," he growled.

She could now see very plainly that he had planned this reunion as a triumph, and felt keenly that he had been cheated out of it.

"I wonder if it was indifference to our comfort or sheer fright at exposing to us his present poverty which influenced him to-night," he continued as the waiter helped him into his coat. "Or maybe it was some sort of fool pride. What a rotter the man is . . ."

And still grumbling he inspected his bill, remarked that the service had been on a par with the food, grudgingly threw a shilling on to the table and stamped down the length of the restaurant.

The waiter opened the door for them.

That Sir Marcus should precede his wife through it was not unusual. But it was decidedly unusual for his wife to stop and hold out her hand to the waiter.

"Thank you very much," she said. "And . . . good-bye . . . Peter."

And before resuming his duties Peter Foster very reverently raised a crimson rose to his lips. It had been given him, at last, by a very dutiful lady.

J. K

A Witch with her broom

and

PLAYER'S

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

N.C.C.42

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

"She married three millionaires, but was divorced each time"
"Moves in the best triangles, evidently!"

"Definitely bored with the theatre"

THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY

A SERIES BY NORMAN HILLSON

VI—THE CRITICS

"You didn't see Tree, of course"

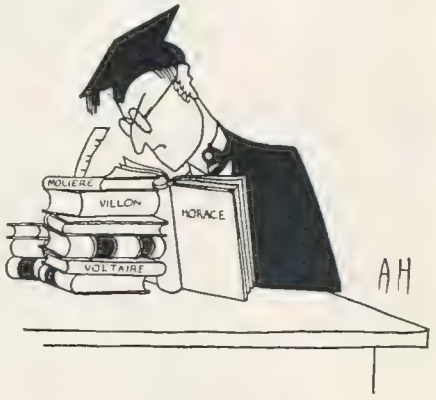
DECORATIONS BY AUBREY HAMMOND

QUITE a number of dramatic critics are quite definitely bored with the theatre. One or two of them have confessed their own irresponsibility by openly avowing their dislike for the drama. Every man is entitled to his likes and dislikes, but I contend that no man is morally entitled to make a living from writing about the drama when his work may affect the livelihood of his fellow men. The critic who forgets that responsibility is unworthy of his craft. He is certainly the enemy of the theatre.

FORTUNATELY, the majority of the dramatic critics attached to important daily and weekly newspapers are men of the highest standard of probity. Some of them write of the drama as if it were a learned problem which can only be adequately dealt with in long and obscure articles which ordinary people cannot understand. Some of them go to the opposite extreme and dismiss a great performance in a paragraph, in some cases because they have no time to write any more, and in others because certain editors have an idea that the general public is not interested in acting. Just a few of them are too tired to write anything which means very much. They enter the theatre with a sigh and emerge with a yawn. They do not mean to be unfair to the play and the players, but they forget that a jaundiced, weary eye blunts the senses and obscures what judgment they possess.

MY complaint about dramatic critics in general is that they cannot see the wood for the trees. If you search among the files of old newspapers and read the dramatic criticisms of the late eighteenth century and the period of the Regency, you do get an idea of what the acting was like. The critics of the day had both leisure and style, although their taste occasionally reduced their criticisms to levels of vulgarity to which the most outspoken of our modern critics have not yet descended. They were intent to describe the acting and the actors. We can obtain a most vivid impression of Mrs. Siddons, Dorothy Jordan, David Garrick, and Macready. We know how they walked, how they spoke, and how they ranted.

BUT posterity will not be privileged to know very much about the acting of Sybil Thorndike, Henry Ainley, and Edith Evans. Acting is not described and criticised to-day, because there is a prevailing idea that the public is not interested. I have never been able to make up my mind who decides what the public wants or does not want. But certainly acting is apparently something which the public does not want to know about. I will be quite honest and confess that I wait for James Agate's weekly talk on the wireless to know something about the actual playing of plays I have omitted to visit. This discerning critic, who really loves and understands the drama, seems to convey by the spoken word a very sympathetic appreciation of the actual acting as opposed to the enunciation of the story of the play. Yet somehow I never seem to get that same impression from the most admirable literary articles he writes each Sunday. His enthusiasm for the French romantic poets seems to get the better of him.



"A learned problem"

HUNDREDS of examples of opportunities for fine and moving writing in this respect occur to me. I will instance one. You may remember the passage in *The Breadwinner* in which Ronald Squire described to his worthless dependants how he had been hammered on the Stock Exchange. It was a stupendous moment, not only in the play itself but also in the career of Mr. Squire. Somerset Maugham had written some magnificent words, and the actor rose to a very great height in pronouncing them. He showed himself a dramatic actor of very great power. It was a moment to remember—full of emotion and drama, and—if I may use the term—human interest. Even so, I do not remember any dramatic critic who described this incident at length. Yet it was one of those occasions when the acting was more important than the play. As it turned out, Mr. Squire's great

"An awkward moment"

A scene from "A Trip to Scarborough," revived last Monday at the St. James's Theatre, showing Gillian Lind as Amanda and Edgar Norfolk as Col. Townley. Much of this play, to which Sheridan attached his name, was "pinched" from one by Sir John Vanbrugh, and now the latter's name also appears on the programme and much of his work has been added to the text

performance could not possibly compete with the fact that Mr. Maugham made the character played by Margaret Hood, a young actress, make the frank assertion, "I am a virgin, you know." That went to the top line.

THERE is another—happily very small—school of dramatic critics who imagine that every first-night must yield "a story." The play is immaterial. The actors might be there by accident. If there is the slightest incident which is unusual—an hysterical woman in the gallery who forgets her manners, a piece of scenery which collapses at an awkward moment, a well-known actress in the stalls who cultivates venial scandals, and so on—then the play goes by the board. If no such "human interest" motive is forthcoming, then some critics become reminiscent, talk of Wyndham or Tree, remember what George Black said, or say they do things much better on Broadway. They forget that they are in the theatre to criticise the drama, and that the intelligent members of the public are not in the least interested in the unfortunate mishap of an actress knocking down an occasional table, or what George Black said, or did not say. They want to know something about the play and the acting. That is the real reason why managers send out free invitations to dramatic critics.

BY all means let them write about their odd reminiscences, and if they can make their narrative the more entertaining by describing falling scenery, let them include those incidents also. But at the same time, if they are going to call themselves dramatic critics, let them inform the public about the play and the acting.

THE exigencies of modern times demand that newspapers be printed at a very early hour if they are to attain their present enormous circulations. There is a very definite "dead line' in all London newspapers. It is set at a comparatively early hour, and copy must be delivered before that hour. This makes the task of the dramatic critic doubly difficult. because very often his copy has to be sent off before the actual ending of the play. It is one of those circumstances which cannot be avoided. I have nothing but admiration for certain critics who are such good journalists they manage to infuse a good deal of style into their compositions in such limited time. There are other newspapers which allot so little space to dramatic criticism that the resultant article assumes lozenge-like proportions.

"His copy has been sent off before the ending of the play"

ON the other hand, there are newspapers, both in London and the great cities, which manage to reserve a considerable space for the account of the overnight première. In many cases this latitude is seized on by the critic concerned for an erudite discussion, beneath which the unfortunate play is effectively buried.

THE dramatic critics owe a duty to the theatre as well as to their newspapers. If the last named supplies their revenue, the other supplies their labour. If they can induce more and more readers to take an interest in the theatre they are improving their own position as well as that of their newspaper. But they will never do so if they are bored, or if they imagine that oblique references to obscure essayists makes a dramatic article more entertaining; or if they let their own personality obscure the issue and fatigue the public.

N. H.

"THE NAUGHTY NINETIES" Were Not Like This

SAYS OUR DRAMATIC CRITIC

Discussion has been aroused by the production of "The Naughty Nineties" at the Criterion Theatre. Look, for instance, at this scene on the left, in which Lamont Dickson and Thea Holme figure. Did a man go on his knees to propose in the nineties? In the fifties, perhaps, yes, but in the nineties, naughty or otherwise, no! Though a proposal might not be quite on the lines of the modern "Shall us?" "Lets!" This kneeling business assuredly belongs to a much earlier age.

The authors, Messrs. E. Savage Graham and Ronald Simpson, have failed to paint a true picture because they used two brushes. They have tried to combine caricature with actuality, and the result, though excellent entertainment, should not be regarded by the youth of to-day as in any way truthful of their parents' lives

Here we have a middle-class father (Nigel Playfair), mother (Mary Jerrold), and daughter (Thea Holme) at Henley in regatta week. Middle-aged matrons may take exception to the feminine frocks. Did women in the nineties, when going on the river, dress so unsuitably? Exception might also be taken to the side whiskers of papa

No exception can, however, be taken to the producers' idea of the dresses worn on ordinary occasions in the naughty nineties. These, all should agree, are typical of the period, and the balloon sleeves recall the difficulties women had in tucking the voluminous folds into the arms of a coat when one had to be worn. The trio in the above picture are Joan Maude, Thea Holme, and Pamela Willins

MUNICH—ITS BEER AND

MUNICH is never out of the season. Carnival time begins on January 6, and there is also the October Festival, with intervening and subsequent entertainment all the time. Even though you arrive on the night after the final performance of the August Music Festival you will find the place alive and gay. Munich is a lovely city, full of ornamental boulevards and still more ornamental breweries. It also possesses what is, in my opinion, the only really fascinating museum in the whole world. This is the Deutsches Museum, which has only been complete for five years.

Its chief joy is that the visitor is allowed to press every button and turn every handle that he can reach. He can do anything from making railway engines whistle to making seagulls' wings flap. You see television working. You go down a life-size section of a model mine. You see every kind of ship, from a trireme to a miniature of the Bremen, the first roller skates, the first motor cars, the first musical instruments, the first baths—in fact, the first of every human invention is set out in front of you.

To very many people Munich is inseparable from thoughts of beer. On behalf of readers of the BYSTANDER I sampled about twenty-two varieties, dark and light, strong, and very strong. I was also shown over the biggest brewery in Munich, the Lowenbrauerie. Here I saw about sixteen kilometres of beer, beer, glorious beer, frothy and thirst-inducing. Real Bavarian beer experts say that the one they personally prefer is the Paulauner-Thomas beer. But they all tasted very much the same to me.

THE best known beer hall in Munich is the Hofbrauhaus. This is full, wet or fine, from morning to night, with men and women drinking flagons of Dunkel bier. It is a huge place built round a square decorated with tall chestnut trees and barrels of beer on their side. It has low ceilings with heavy white pillars like a wine cellar in a palace. The tables and benches are made of old dark wood. When you have finished your "stein" you go off, wash it under a tap, and have it filled up again. You can also buy sausages. 12,000 litres of beer are swallowed there every day. In Germany when you want to say "Cheeroh," you say "Prosit." You say it many times in the Hofbrauhaus. It is that sort of place.

A glimpse of Hohenschwangan Castle where the Crown Prince Rupprecht is now in residence. Hohenschwangan is one of the prettiest mountain resorts in Germany

The picturesque view of the Insel Hotel at Constance, which in former times was a monastery and where, nowadays, miniature golf is played in the cloisters

A city which understands the virtues of Beer. A picture of Munich's most famous beer hall, the Hofbrauhaus, where the words "God's Blessing" appear on every mug, and a crucifix hangs prominently in the crowded hall

OPPOSITE the Hofbrauhaus is Platzl. This is less well known in England, but is an even better place than the Hofbrauhaus. It has a real old Bavarian atmosphere with a real old Bavarian music-hall entertainment. It is a great square room with a dark oak ceiling and dark oak walls. The stage-setting is an old Bavarian mountain-inn, and the actors all wear the green shorts and ornamental braces of the true peasant. The women jodel, and the men sing songs, in which everybody in the audience joins.

OF the so-to-say West End places to visit there is the Cabaret Annast. This has pink and blue rep curtains, red imitation moiré and satin striped wallpaper, orange-tubed electric lights, and a canopied stage with a gold plush back-cloth. They have a very smart cabaret and a good orchestra. Next comes the Bonbonnière where you are entertained by a comedian in the Royal Stuart tartan and a leopard skin sporran, to which three fox-tails are attached. It is like a tiny theatre without a pit and with only the front row of the dress circle. The walls are blue and the stage is semi-circular.

THE best restaurant is the Walterspiel—very expensive but most excellent. The best bar is the Regina, and is the rendezvous of all the gilded youth—not that there is much gold in Germany. The best hotel is the Bayerischehof. The best picture gallery is the old Pinakotek with its dozens of pictures by Rubens, El Greco, Murillo, Titian, and the rest. The Frauenkirche (German for the Church of Notre Dame) is undoubtedly the finest church in Munich. You must also go to the out-of-door Zoo where they segregate the animals by the countries from which they come. The spectacle of a wild horse flirting with a dromedary is quite entrancing, I assure you.

Space does not permit of my describing Munich any further. I can only point to the peak-points of entertainment. But it is a lovely city with charming people and hotels that do not automatically charge you an extra ten per cent. for tips.

A FEW miles away from Munich is Ober-Ammergau, where I had a long talk with Anton Lang. During the inflation the inhabitants lost 29 million marks. But they have got it all back and have three million marks to their

BEAUTIES — By Charles Graves

The Bavarian winner of the Shooting Competition at Munich toasts his success with a girl friend. The national costume adds a touch of picturesqueness to the proceedings

communal credit in the bank. Ober-Ammergau is looking more prosperous than any small town I have ever visited. The shops are newly painted. There are new pavements everywhere. And the chances are that they are going to have a special tencentenary festival during July and August next year. Anton Lang, who is a potter, runs a small pension and also a shop.

AGAIN, a few miles from Ober-Ammergau is Garmisch, where the new rack-railway takes you up to an hotel at the top of the Zugspitze Alp. It is 10,000 feet up, and there was a heavy snowstorm in progress when I arrived there at the end of August. People were ski-ing or throwing snowballs, and it was all very wintry. The hotel has only been open for four or five months, and they have reindeer to pull the sleighs and St. Bernards to pull you out of the drifts. Quite like an English summer.

HOHENSCHWANGAN, which is about two hours by car from Garmisch, is the prettiest mountain resort I know. No wonder the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria lives there with his second wife and five children. Overlooking it is the mad king of Bavaria's final edifice —Neweschwanstein. It looks like a sugar biscuit from the outside, while the inside might have been expressly furnished by (or for) Al Capone!

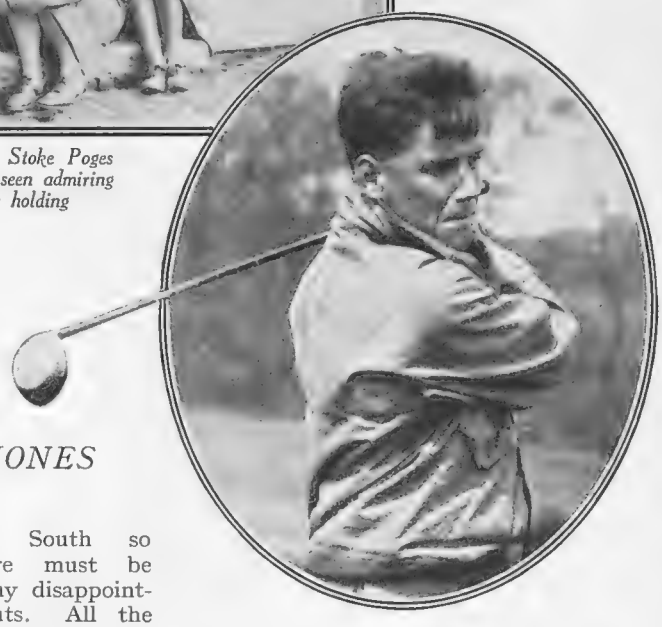
HOHENSCHWANGAN being nothing more than four hotels, two castles, a tavern and a centre for mountain walks, you will probably continue your journey next day to Constance by way of Lindau. Constance itself can justly claim to have one of the loveliest hotels in Switzerland. Until 1870 the Insel hotel was a monastery. To-day you play miniature golf in the cloisters. You can drink your cocktails in the "Dominican Bar." Your bedroom looks out over the blue waters of Lake Constance or over the yew trees, geraniums, phlox and lilies in the Great Court. There are vines bearing grapes on the walls of the garage, and you dine in the great chapel. The town is old and picturesque. Half of it is German and half of it is Swiss, with the Customs officers in the middle of one of the main streets. Such is Constance, with its motor boats, lake fishing, and a tradition of health dating back to the Roman Emperor Constantius, who founded it.

A general view of Munich showing the Marienplatz, with the Rathaus on the right and the twin-towered Frauenkirche, the finest church in the city, at the back

Young girl golfers who competed in a medal contest at Stoke Poges previous to the Girls' Open Championship. They are seen admiring the cup which last year's champion, Miss Doran, is holding

GOLF GOSSIP

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES



A. J. Lacey, playing in the £1,040 Professional Tournament at the West Hill Club's course at Brookwood, and equalling E. R. Whitcombe's first round record of 67

THE early play of the Irish Open Championship, which took place at Newcastle on the course of the Royal County Down Club, produced some very interesting games and surprising results. John Burke, the favourite for this event and winner of the Irish Native Championship, was defeated by W. F. Ffrench, an Irish International, by 5 and 4; Ffrench reached the turn in two under fours. Douglas Fiddian was beaten by D. Coyle at the 19th after a very hard fight.

* * *

G. A. HILL, the well-known London player, defeated another Irish favourite in Roy McConnell.

William Sutton, the holder, started none too well against A. Menzies, but soon found his form, winning seven holes in succession; he turned 6 up and settled matters at the 12th. Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley's match with "McQuaid," otherwise A. W. Briscoe, an Irish International, was one of the stiffest fights of the meeting. Critchley was unfortunate to lose; his putting was responsible, he missed a short one at the 19th and another at the 22nd.

L. Munn, after being four down at the turn to J. S. Lennox, played brilliantly and won at the 18th.

* * *

ONE hundred and fifty-four players were found competing at West Hill in the Southern Section qualifying round of the £1,040 professional tournament; there are only 29 places allotted to the South so there must be many disappointments. All the well-known players were at West Hill, including Compston, Havers, Cotton, the Whitcombes, A. J. Lacey, E. Ray, F. Robson, Jolly, Geo. Gadd, Hodson, and the veteran trio, Vardon, Braid and Taylor.

* * *

THE annual public schools foursomes tournament will be held at Camberley Heath on October 10th. Wellington and Cheltenham have each scored two victories; Winchester (the winners in 1929) and Eton, last year's winners, are all expected to compete.

The tournament is by bogey play over 36 holes. Entries close on October 5.

* * *

THE OLD MARLBURIAN GOLFING SOCIETY will hold their meeting on the Dorset Club's course at Broadstone on September 26 and 27.

* * *

THE meeting of the Girls' Golfing Society which preceded the Girls' Open Championship at Stoke Poges was a very happy affair. Diana Fishwick, who played with the girl champion of 1930, Pauline Doran, gave a fine display and won the Scratch and Handicap Challenge Cups with 79. She was out in 39 and home in 40. Miss Doran found putting a little difficult; after a fine tee shot at the 16th she just missed her putt, and following a beautiful pitch at the 17th the same thing happened.

The twins, Betty and Peggy Whitfield, won the nine-hole greensomes v. bogey with 4 up, a really fine performance. Diana Fishwick was hitting a very long ball, and an iron was all she needed for the second shot for most of the difficult two-shot holes.

* * *

PERCY ALLISS is leaving Wannsee at the end of the year. I am surprised at this news; I have heard so many Germans say how popular he is there that I should have imagined that much pressure would be brought to bear to induce him to stay. Alliss has been our most successful player this year. He won the Approaching and Putting Competition at Arbroath, and finished third two strokes behind Tommy Armour in the Open Championship. He visited America privvately, being declared ineligible for the Ryder Cup team on account of his residence abroad. In the Canadian Open Championship Hagen beat him by one stroke, after a replay, for the title. I do hope some club near the Metropolis will secure his services and that he will not be allowed to go to the States.

I can speak from personal experience of his excellence in coaching; he has that rare thing, the knack of imparting knowledge to others.

* * *

ALMOST every week I receive news of a hole, sometimes several, being done in one, but surely Langley Park provides something quite original. P. G. de Paravicini holed the fourth in one while playing with his wife and two other players. Only a few weeks before Mrs. de Paravicini holed the eighth in one!

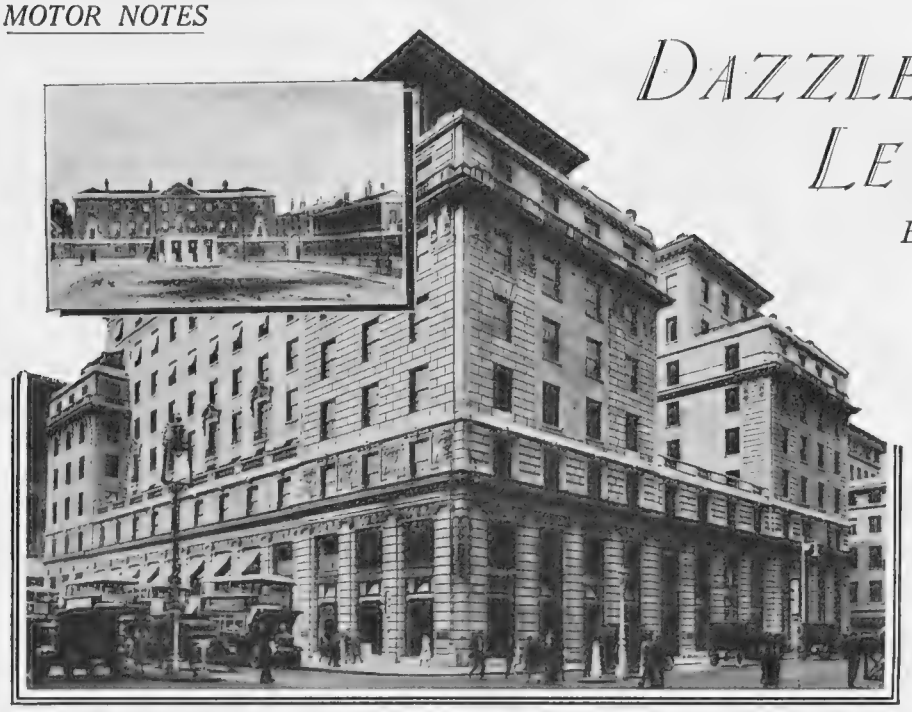
* * *

A GOLF Problem. In a friendly match a friend of mine played a pitch shot to a green, the ball hit the flag and in some unaccountable manner so wrapped itself in it that it stayed there. There was hardly any wind, and the flag with the ball hung against the pin. The two players were debating what to do when the ball dropped; I feel sure you expect me to say into the hole, but no, this is no fairy story, but cold hard facts, it did not drop into the hole. Now had the ball not dropped what was "A" to do?

MOTOR NOTES

DAZZLE DEMONS LET LOOSE!

By E. M. WRIGHT



THE NEW AND THE OLD

A picture of the new Devonshire House in Piccadilly and (inset) the old building, the courtyard of which is now occupied by this fine specimen of modern architecture. Messrs. Rootes, who occupy this corner site, are now holding a special exhibition there of Humber and Hillman cars, which closes on Saturday next

ON Thursday nearly one hundred inventors will be let loose in Cambridge. As darkness falls Midsummer Common will be ablaze with the lights of the cars that have been entered for the Anti-Dazzle Demonstration organised by the R.A.C. This is the supreme moment in an inventor's life. The thrill of the young artist who discovers his picture "on the line" is as nothing compared with the thrill of the ardent inventor who secures a "highly recommended" from the pundits who test out the gadget he has devised.

***

THE dazzle problem is the delight of the inventor who invents for invention's sake. Lighting is his sacred preserve. Mere draughtsmen who earn their living at the game may grapple with the problems of engine construction, chassis design, transmission, and body building. The true artist produces the perfect anti-dazzle lamp. Like those other artists who dabble in new cults, he attributes the public's lack of interest in his invention not to inherent weakness in design, but to the crass commercialism of our manufacturers. Hence it is—if you accept this view—that we are still groping blindly for the ideal solution of the dazzle difficulty. In the interests of art I hope the problem will never be solved. Were anyone so unsporting as to hit upon the ideal he would at one stroke blight the lives of hundreds of aspiring amateur inventors, and the Patent Office would, I fear, go bankrupt. The real inventor does not live on success. His is a world of high hopes and lovely dreams which can never come true.

***

I AM surprised—and not a little shocked—at the smallness of the gathering at Cambridge. So many hundreds of letters have reached me, each with its standard opening phrase, "I have an idea . . ." and each detailing at great length and in indifferent handwriting a device which would solve the dazzle problem for all time. Yet when a test is organised in the interests, very largely, of the inventors themselves they are nowhere to be seen. It cannot surely be that our bright young men have grown old and sterile of ideas, or that they lack courage. It is easy enough to write letters and to draw pretty blue prints, but, seemingly, only a handful can brave the criticism of a disillusioned expert.

***

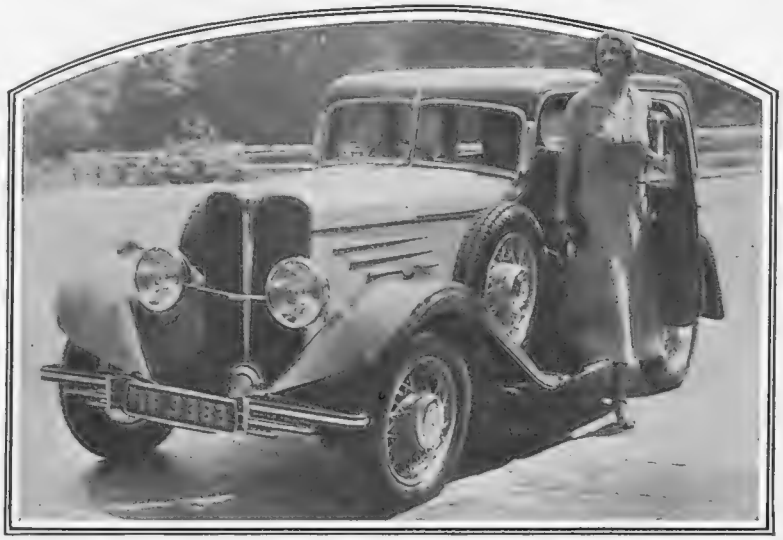
THIS demonstration is unique. Where else is an inventor *invited* to try out his ideas? Other inventors must fight for recognition. They have to steel themselves against endless rebuffs and endless disappointments. They do not have ready to their hand facilities for showing, under ideal conditions, what their devices will do. Perhaps the R.A.C. is killing the inventor with kindness A new idea flourishes best in stony ground. The few score inventions which are to be tested on Thursday are all that five countries can muster. For, in addition to British inventions, there are devices from France, Germany, Holland, and America.

***

THOUGH I mock a trifle cynically at the efforts to solve the dazzle difficulty, I do, nevertheless, realise the urgency of that problem. It is significant, indeed, that inventions to combat dazzle should be accorded a demonstration of their own. The pity is that many otherwise excellent inventions are not commercially practicable either on the ground of expense or because they ask too much of the owner-driver. The only anti-dazzle device which can hope to succeed is one which is cheap to produce, simple in construction, and easy to control. If you give the owner-driver a device which calls for skilled attention, it is safe to assume that it will at once get out of order. If you give him a device requiring expert handling, it is equally safe to assume that he will not attempt to use it.

***

THE real value of the demonstration lies, perhaps, in the fact that it will clearly show that *no device* is perfect. I hope officials of the Ministry of Transport will read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the results of this demonstration. As the experts' report will inevitably reveal, there is no definite cure, and whilst there is no definite cure it is, to say the least, inopportune to lay down hard and fast



Miss Viola Tree, who has lately returned from America, at the door of a 1932 "Kaye Don" Singer Six, which combines beauty of appearance with unlimited utility. Mr. Kaye Don, in conjunction with the company's engineers, has been responsible for the design.

regulations. Every regulation issued by the Ministry of Transport tends to "freeze" motor car design. The greater the diversity of opinion the more hope we have of being left to work out our own salvation. The inventors whom I have mocked may, perhaps, save us from being compelled to use devices which are out of date even before they are made compulsory.

IN THE NEWS

"Bloody, but Unbowed"

One more attempt to capture the British International Trophy has failed, but, despite the unhappy ending of what might have been an historic race, we can at least claim a moral victory. The first heat clearly demonstrated the superiority of Lord Wakefield's Miss England II, and Gar Wood's somewhat doubtful tactics in the second heat—which he freely admits—merely emphasise that superiority. Though the boat is being salvaged, it is unlikely that she will ever be fit to race again, at any rate in international speed tests. But compared with the disaster which might so easily have been, the loss of the boat, serious though that loss is, is of only secondary importance. It was only by a miracle that Kaye Don and his two mechanics, Garner and Platford, escaped with nothing worse than a severe shaking.

We can build a new boat, and this time we can build an even better boat than Miss England II. Lord Wakefield has set his heart upon winning back the Trophy, and he refuses to be downcast. We have lost this year's race, he says, we have lost the fastest boat in the world, but we still have our designers, we have even better engines, and we have pilots worthy of any boat we can build.

Miss England II is gone. We may build Miss England III. America's victory redounds little to those who secured it. Kaye Don in defeat will receive a warmer welcome on his return than if he had come back triumphant. It is little to the advantage of sport that victory should be gained on a mere technicality. It is all to the advantage of this country that we should be *compelled*, almost, to try again to win this trophy.

It is easy to run down to the seaside in a car, and these sunbathers who have arrived there in the latest four-door pillarless Triumph Super Seven find it, like its name, "Indespensable"

New Sunbeam Programme

For 1932 the Sunbeam Company are listing their three well-known six-cylinder chassis, the 16 h.p., the 20 h.p., and the 25 h.p., in all of which have been incorporated numerous detail improvements. The performance of the 16 h.p. model has been considerably enhanced by the fitting of a twin-top four-speed gear box, similar in design to that introduced some time ago on the 20 h.p. model. Appearance has been still further improved by the introduction of a new radiator with thermostatically controlled shutters. Numerous improvements have been made to the coachwork which not only add to the appearance of the car, but give greater passenger comfort. On the saloon, for instance, the front seats are wider and are more easily adjustable, while greater legroom has been provided in the rear compartment. The wind-screens of all models are fitted with adjustable sun-visors. In addition to the fixed-head four-seater coupé, there is now a folding-head coupé, both of which models, as well as the coachbuilt saloon, sell for £695. Chief among the improvements introduced on the 20 h.p. model are the introduction of an hydraulic four-wheel braking system and the fitting of a new radiator with thermostatically controlled shutters. The improvements introduced in the coachwork are similar to those on the 16 h.p. model. A folding-head as well as the fixed-head four-seater coupé is now listed, and front seats in the coachbuilt saloon are made wider.

AN AQUATIC FORD

The twin-screw Hyland cabin cruiser "Doff" is powered by two 24 h.p. Ford engines. Carvel built, she is 50 ft. long, 11 ft. beam, and has a draught of 3 ft. 6 ins. She is luxuriously fitted and can accommodate six persons.

Five Days Non-stop

It has long been the custom for motor manufacturers to entertain as well as instruct their wholesalers and distributors when announcing a new programme, but a new note was struck in the entertainment provided by the Morris Company recently. The excellent programme arranged for their main distributors was repeated five days running for the benefit of parties of sub-dealers. The same menu was served each day, and the same entertainment followed. More remarkable still, each audience heard exactly the same speeches. To deliver a programme speech once is a considerable strain, but to repeat it five times must have been something of an ordeal. Sir William Morris himself autographed three hundred menus a day, no mean feat in itself. The entertainment included the showing of an excellent talkie film, cleverly synchronised with the speech describing the points of each model.

An Improved Hornet

Wolseley Motors announce an improved version of the Hornet, the first of the baby Sixes, introduced just over a year ago. It is now to have a roomier four-seater saloon body with four wide doors and very comfortable upholstery. This result, it is claimed, has been attained without sacrifice of speed or acceleration. Another refinement which will appeal to the owner-driver is the fitting of a four-speed gear-box with silent third.

Films for Ford Fans

At their Show Rooms in Regent Street recently the Ford Motor Company gave an interesting programme of films illustrating the activities of the company and the capabilities of Ford cars and trucks. One of the films was of the new Ford works that are being built at Dagenham, while others showed a 30-cwt. truck pioneering in the "rough" and climbing fearsome gradients.

An Amende

A number of letters have been received from eagle-eyed readers of these Notes pointing out that in our last issue we described a picture of an Austin Windsor saloon as being a Kaye Don Single Six, and vice versa. All and sundry are hereby informed that this is not a variation of a car-spotting competition, and that no prizes are being awarded for discovering an unfortunate transposition of captions, as both these famous makes possess an individuality which precludes the possibility of one being mistaken for the other. This error, however, had one compensation in showing how closely these Notes are studied by readers. E. M. W.

A MILLION LIGHTS.. FAIRY SIGHTS..... EXOTIC NIGHTS...

EVENTS IN SEPTEMBER.

SOIRÉE: Dance and Music Gala at the Théâtre d'Eau.

FÊTE: Native Tournament.

GALA — Indo-Chinese Day: Pageant of Ramayana.

FÊTE: Colonial Athletics.

GALA EVENING: Reception of the Royal Dutch Band and Concert by the Band of the Garde Républicaine.

CONCERTS BY THE DUTCH ROYAL BAND.

And many other events.

The great International Colonial Exhibition in Paris has amazed the whole world with its unprecedented success. Millions of visitors have passed the great white entrance and marvelled at this superb achievement.

If you have not yet seen the Exhibition, there is still time to view this extraordinary colonial cosmos. During the day, the many exhibits will engross you—you will be interested, amused, instructed. At night, this vast display is transformed to a fairyland of myriad coloured lights against inky shadows. Then the gaiety starts—the lovely rainbow fountains play—the romantic night fêtes take place — native dancers enthrall you—strange music sounds.

Now that night comes sooner, you do not have to wait after the exhibits close to see the superb lighting effects. They blaze up as dusk falls at six. You can dine on delicious French food in the open air and watch the enchanting reflections in the lake.

Do not miss the experience and enjoyment of the Colonial Exhibition —for if you do, you will regret it!

All travel bureaux will give you full information. Special reduced rates are available. The Exhibition is open until the end of October.

DORLAND.

FLYING NOTES

ADVICE FOR AEROPLANE OWNERS

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

"Learning to Fly"

IT is typical of one of our most efficiently organised British institutions, the Automobile Association, that it should have an aviation department for the benefit of its members. Practically every private owner of an aeroplane must also be the owner of a car, in which case the annual subscription of two guineas to the "A.A." covers a variety of service for touring by road and in the air. With a membership exceeding 400,000, the "A.A." includes the majority of potential pilots and owners in this country to whom a recent booklet on "Learning to Fly" will appeal. It can be obtained free on application to Fanum House or to any branch office. The contents include notes on the regulations for obtaining an "A" licence, the private pilot's permit to fly, and a complete list of clubs and schools with particulars as to the fees payable in each case. Anyone who has used the facilities provided by the Association for road travel to their fullest extent will realise what a boon such a service must be to air travellers. Weather reports and maps for any journey are available, the complicated documents for foreign touring are completed without any trouble to the owner, messages may be dropped at "A.A." telephone boxes in England, and the Air Squad is in attendance at most flying meetings.

SCHNEIDER TROPHY PILOTS

Flt.-Lt. F. W. Long, Flt.-Lt. Stainforth, Squadron-Leader Orlebar, Flt.-Lt. Boothman and Fl.-Off. Snaith, who would have preferred to enter into friendly competition for the Schneider Trophy but were debarred from doing so by the withdrawal of French and Italian airmen

Modern Salesmen go by Air

OF the ever-increasing number of air travellers on regular lines, both in Europe and America, at least half must be people engaged in trade, using the air lines in order to conduct business more quickly. A few British firms interested to some extent in the Aircraft Industry, have purchased machines for the use of their executives and salesmen, and this custom will spread gradually to all up-to-date business houses which rely on sales made by personal contact. This applies, of course, more to firms with a Continental trade, a recent example being the Parker Pen Company, which has its European headquarters in London, and conducts a good deal of its business by the use of a Puss Moth. Brian Lewis, who was responsible for the sale of this machine, is the head of the firm bearing his name which handles the aircraft sales for Selfridge's, an organisation that uses the air lines for all important trips to the Continent.

Moth and Gipsy Successes

THIS year has proved no less successful than the last for the Moth and the Gipsy engine in many and various competitions for eminence. Following Mr. C. W. A. Scott's flights to and from Australia in a Gipsy Moth, the record for the homeward trip was lowered in grand style by Mr. J. A. Mollison, flying a similar machine, who covered 10,000 miles in 8 days 21 hours with no trouble whatsoever. The fastest time in the King's Cup race was made by a Puss Moth, averaging 127.5 miles an hour; and, as if to prove that this was no accident, the second and third machines on time were also Puss Moths. In the Circuit of Italy, four Puss Moths with Gipsy III engines completed the course with maximum regularity, although their weight excluded them from the principal competition. This was won, however, by an Italian Breda machine, fitted with a Gipsy engine, the latter being the power unit chosen for six entries, which included also the second and third-prize winners; in fact, six out of the first seven. Throughout this 4,000-mile race, which was flown at full throttle in an average shade temperature of 90 degrees, no mechanical trouble was experienced with any of the Gipsy engines. Their success represents a personal triumph for Major F. B. Halford, who was also the designer of the Cirrus engine before being called in by de Havillands to produce something which could be made side by side with the Moth. Six military-type training Moths and two Puss Moths for communication work are being supplied to China, which country has already absorbed nearly one hundred machines from de Havillands. This shows what a large market is open to the British manufacturer who can supply the right article, backed up by an efficient service organisation.

One of the new S.6.B. 'plane's, piloted by Flt.-Lt. Boothman, which was chosen to fly last Saturday over the Schneider Trophy course in an attempt to set up a new speed record in default of a race

At the Cinque Ports

CLUB flying has been restricted considerably by bad weather during our alleged summer months, and nowhere was this felt more severely than at Folkestone. Flying time at the Cinque Ports has been as low as twelve hours in a week, and snow was experienced at the beginning of this month. In spite of all such difficulties, this club continues its energetic policy of gathering new members and turning them out as first-class pilots. Mr. Cargill paid his annual visit from Scotland recently, and Mr. H. R. Law, with Flight-Lt. Webb, entered for the Deauville-Cannes Rally. The monthly landing competition for the Ashwell-Cooke Trophy was won by Mr. A. J. S. Morris from a field of nine; at the first attempt there was a tie with Mrs. Hammond-Davis. The club operates from Lympne, one of our principal air-ports, and the variety of machines which land there is an attraction.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph*

AN AUTUMN ENSEMBLE

By Tunbridge

This ensemble is becoming on account of its graceful lines. The dress is carried out in dark bulrush-brown satin. The vest and undersleeves are of gauged string-tinted georgette. The coat, which is also sojourning at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, is of a new wool fabric trimmed with that most modish of all furs, astrakhan

THE NECK NEEDS CARE

TRAVELLING BEAUTY BOXES
SLIMMING TREATMENTS
SCHOOL OUTFITS

This decorative person must not be numbered among the foolish of the world, as in her suit-case is one of Phyllis Earle's 32, Dover Street, beauty outfits with sufficient preparations for at least a month

A Chat About Beauty

NOW that the holidays are over the majority of women realise that there is no getting over the fact that they have neglected their complexions; another point to be emphasised is that skin that looks attractive by the sea and in the country is the reverse in town; it may be that it is freckled, is too brown, or too red. These blemishes may be overcome if the aid of Phyllis Earle's, 32, Dover Street, W., preparations are sought. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that women might be far more beautiful than they are did they allow art to step in and definitely aid Nature, or, in other words, were they to cultivate the charms that nature has bestowed on them. Illness, sorrow, and fatigue are among the foes which have to be combated.

The Neck Needs Care

THE neck has been likened to a stem on which the lily rests. In order to keep it in perfect condition it needs massage, cleansing and nourishing creams. It is essential that all "fur" marks are removed at the end of the day, otherwise the skin of the throat may become permanently discoloured. Phyllis Earle's skin food is extremely nourishing, and should be applied every night. The neck must be lightly massaged with the finger-tips, the movement being begun below the ears; the finger-tips must meet in the centre of the throat below the chin; afterwards the palms of the hands, by an adroit movement, must be employed en route back to the ears. The third finger, as it has the lightest touch, must finally be used with a rotary movement. Before the massage all the dirt must be removed with a good cleansing cream.

Too much cannot be said in favour of the one sponsored by Phyllis Earle; it is 1*s.* 6*d.*, and so is her skin food. Not only does Phyllis Earle excel in beauty treatments, but she makes a special feature of those for slimming and reducing.

A Travelling Beauty Outfit

PHYLLIS EARLE is warmly to be congratulated on having perfected a compact and inexpensive beauty outfit. It is made of shagreen leatherette; there are two bottles of lotion and three pots of cream; these preparations may be varied to suit the needs of individual clients; naturally, a powder might be substituted for one of the creams. The price of the case complete is 16*s.* 6*d.*

School Outfits

THE coming school term is very important, as boys and girls have to be equipped for the ensuing six months. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W. excel in this respect. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that they are familiar with the requirements of the leading public and preparatory schools. On application, they will gladly send their illustrated catalogues gratis and post free. As coats play a prominent rôle this term, they have been chosen for illustration on this page. The coat in the centre of the group is of chenille tweed, with natural musquash collar; the belt and pockets increase its smartness. The model on the right is of fancy tweed, with corded ribbon on collar, pockets, and cuffs. An important feature of the tweed coat on the left is the detachable cape.

Children need well-tailored coats for the winter term. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, are responsible for those pictured. The one on the left is of tweed with detachable cape, chenille tweed makes the one in the centre with natural musquash collar, and fancy tweed the one on the right relieved with corded ribbon

elegance

Admiring glances, in which envy is barely hidden, tell how that shade suits her, how that lovely swirl accords with her figure. Supreme elegance rewards a choice from among **Courtaulds' Fabrics.**

Your important gowns, your simplest frocks, your most slender intimate attire, gain special graces when a COURTAULD fabric plays the leading rôle. New colourings and charmingly **different** weaves prove completely safe—the Courtauld House Mark seen on the selvedge shows that colours, textures, and wearing qualities are quite trustworthy. You see more novelties, obtain better values, attain the peak of elegance, when you ask directly for **Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics.**

LADIES SHOULD LOOK FOR THE COURTAULD HOUSE MARK WHEN BUYING DRESS AND LINGERIE FABRICS. IT IS A GUARANTEE OF QUALITY AND SATISFACTORY SERVICE.

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If any difficulty in obtaining Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics, please write for name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature to COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. F. 21), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, LONDON, E.C.1

SHOOTING NOTES

A shooting party from Glamis Castle with, left to right, Lt.-Commander Eyres, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, Capt. the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, and Admiral the Hon. W. S. Leveson-Gower. In the background is the Earl of Strathmore's new head keeper, Fairweather

By-Days with the Gun

By "Clodhopper"

ONE of the hardest hit game counties in respect to the present partridge and hedgerow-pheasant famine is undoubtedly Nottinghamshire. Sir Harold Bowden, whose well-known shoot at Bestwood Park, Arnold, almost invariably yields good bags of partridges and notable bags of pheasants, writes to me as follows: "I quite agree with you that partridges this year are a 'wash-out.' I do not think we have any at Bestwood to shoot at as far as I can see. I shall know, however, better within the next two weeks or so. I think wild pheasants must have suffered pretty severely, like the partridges, as numbers of dead ones have been found drowned or starved to death with cold."

SIMILAR authoritative and expert reports come from many other big sporting estates in Notts and the East Midlands (and, for that matter, from every part of the country), including the Duke of Portland's famous Welbeck Abbey preserves; the adjoining lands of Lord Savile at Rufford; and the late Earl of Carnarvon's 10,000-acre manor of Bingham and Shelford—now Crown property and leased by a syndicate of Nottingham business men—all of which shootings, in average seasons, afford splendid partridge driving. Last week the owner of a biggish mixed shoot in East Lincolnshire asked me to help him prune down his undesirable and abnormally large stock of old "barren" partridges. I motored some sixty miles across country to find that practically the same conditions with regard to the scarcity of young birds obtained on my friend's ground, and in the neighbouring districts generally, as in the badly affected areas on the Notts side of the border.

BUT a considerable acreage of this East Lincs shoot consists of dyke-intersected marshes, well populated with wild-bred duck—and, in their season, snipe—and of sufficient area to render occasional duck drives practicable during the autumn and winter, when the ranks of the resident mallard are greatly augmented by migratory fowl from higher latitudes. This is at least some degree of compensation for a most disappointing partridge year, particularly as wild duck, unlike the little brown bird, have done remarkably well this season.

ALTHOUGH the totals of wildfowl killed on the marshes in question are not comparable with those recorded on such famous Norfolk duck preserves as Stanford Mere, Holkham, Sandringham, or Captain Harry Cator's wonderful Ranworth Broad shoot, the possibilities of sport thereon with high-flying mallard and rocket-like teal are great. Indeed, in a lean partridge season like the present one thrice blessed is the man who has a duck marsh, or even a patch of snipe bog, in his shoot, if only to keep hand and eye in form.

AT the time of my recent visit to this quiet and decidedly isolated spot on the map of the eastern counties an extraordinary large flock of wood pigeons was playing havoc amongst the wheat and barley on the uplands, for a great deal of corn remained to be harvested. From a "hide" cunningly constructed in a double hedgerow within easy shot of a small pond bordering on the headland of a wheat field, I bagged in the course of a short afternoon upwards of fifty fat, aldermanic pigeons as they flighted to the pool to drink.

NOW, although when feeding upon green food such as clover, rape, turnip tops, and cabbage, pigeons do not require water, they become parched with thirst after a diet of dry corn in the harvest field, and cannot exist many hours without drinking. In arid and waterless districts the grain-surfeited birds will flight to and from their feeding grounds, and the nearest available drinking place, be it lake, pond, pool, or puddle, to satisfy their thirst.

IN arid localities during harvest time good shooting—if his powder be straight—and heavy bags of quists are assured to any observant and enterprising sportsman who, having discovered one of these drinking places, puts up a "blind" or hut within range of the water and arms himself with a hard-hitting gun and a plentiful supply of reliable English-made cartridges. Personally, I swear by No. 3 shot for the tough-plumaged "woodman."

THERE is no better decoy for the wary pigeon in hot, dry weather, and when water is scarce in the neighbourhood of the cornlands, than a wide but shallow bath of the precious fluid sunk to ground-level on a spot where the birds are certain to locate it.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

HIGH VELOCITY CARTRIDGES

THE very great favour in which high velocity cartridges are held implies qualities esteemed by the practical sportsman, always granting they show no material advantage when expertly analysed. They do not get to the bird sufficiently quicker to reduce forward allowance, they do not hit harder by any perceptible amount; yet the verdict of enthusiastic users carries an authority which the manufacturer has learnt to respect—not in the sense of polite acquiescence but because in the long run the sportsman is right. What then remains for the average sportsman to do in order that he may extract full benefit from the use of more powerful munitions? Distance and speed of bird must be instantly, therefore instinctively, known, gun mounting and swing must be so well performed as to centre the pattern on head and neck, and the eyes must be sufficiently alert to realise when only its edge has reached the objective. There must be certain knowledge when a bird has been hit behind; hence at the critical range when the gun's limit appears to have been located the possibility of a stinted forward allowance must be correctly diagnosed. Very often mistakes are made and time after time shots well within reach are taken with the ragged front edge of the pattern. Shooters who astonish their friends by consistent success at ranges judged to be beyond the power of gun and cartridge are acting with greater knowledge. Many a fair shot would become good were he a trifle bolder.

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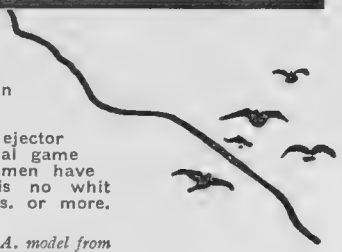

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The book which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 10,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested.

In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"Noble thoughts enrich the mind
— And Mind is Man.
It is the POWER which lies behind
— I will — I CAN."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr. Mrs., or Miss), and address your letter to: "PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S. A. (Dept. 544-B), No. 18, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium." If you wish you may enclose 4d. (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 2½d.

DOGS

TRIALS AND TRIERS

By LADY KITTY RITSON

THERE is quite a lot going on in the dog-world at present. On September 23 the "Aspads" are holding their annual Championship Show at the Crystal Palace. Miss Workman is judging for the first time, which is causing great excitement, as she owns the biggest and best-known kennels in England. She is also "dead nuts" on temperament, and no shy dog will pass her eagle eye. At the same time, she does not indulge in silly tests like the Germans. She only desires that a dog shall be brave, gay and bold, which is not asking too much in any breed.

LATELY the "Aspads" held their working trials, for they are primarily a working society, and all the beau monde of the canine world was there—I mean all the best-known dogs. There was Flora Tacoma of Rigi, who is nearly human; Buff of Cheyeny, who is on the way to being a Field Trial Champion (proudest of all titles), and others equally well known. I judged the Junior Stakes with decorum and dignity, and exhibitors, whatever they felt about my decisions, behaved with restraint and kindness. Mr. Rattee judged the Senior Stakes brightly and bravely, and everybody went away murmuring that "Really, these dogs are too marvellous, my dear!"

THE Kennel Club is holding its seventieth annual show on October 7 and 8 at the Crystal Palace, and everybody who is anybody in the dog world will be there. If you win a prize at the K.C. show you have something to brag about, and you can probably sell your dog for a big price. The world slump doesn't seem to affect the selling of puppies very much, but it has made a terrible difference to shows, where entries are right down. However, this is only to be expected.

THE SEASON'S DEBUTANTES

Black pug pups, conscious of their beauty, and that they are of a champion breed litter, taken at the Allcott Kennels, Haslemere. The expression of the second from the left in this picture verges on patrician haughtiness

THERE is great excitement over the vaguely mooted proposal of increasing the dog licences. Personally, I think it would be an excellent plan, provided the first dog were only charged for at the present rate of 7s. 6d. In this manner people who are badly off and who love their companion would not be penalised, while people who keep dogs as a hobby can afford to pay. In Germany the second dog costs either one or two guineas—I forget which—and the third is double again. This could be no real hardship to anybody, because one dog is sufficient as a companion, and sheep-herding dogs and those who lead the blind are exempt from payment. As we have all to make sacrifices it would be a good and pleasant way of helping the country, while preventing nobody from enjoying the happiness of possessing one real companion.

I HAD a letter from a correspondent who asks me what I consider the ideal time of year to mate a bitch. Well, if your bitch is so obliging as to be ready for mating in December, I think that is an excellent month, as the puppies will be born in February, and they will be with their mother till the middle of March, when the worst weather is over. It is hard on a bitch to be in whelp when it is very hot (when is that in England? I can hear you asking), and extreme heat does small puppies no good. The only objection to this is that you can't show them as puppies at the summer shows, but I was never one for much exhibition of young stock.

On the Moors . .

—perhaps the birds have beaten your gun most of the morning—what does it matter? You have raised a good appetite and they are just spreading lunch. Oh! for a long drink —thank goodness they have packed Kia-Ora Lemon!

KIA-ORA is just pure fruit juice sufficiently sweetened—juice of the finest lemons from our own groves in Messina crushed on the spot at the moment of tree ripeness.

Most people have a favourite drink, but Kia-Ora (Lemon or Orange) is the one drink popular with all —young or old, man or woman, gun or beater, anybody and everybody! See that Kia-Ora always goes into the basket.

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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

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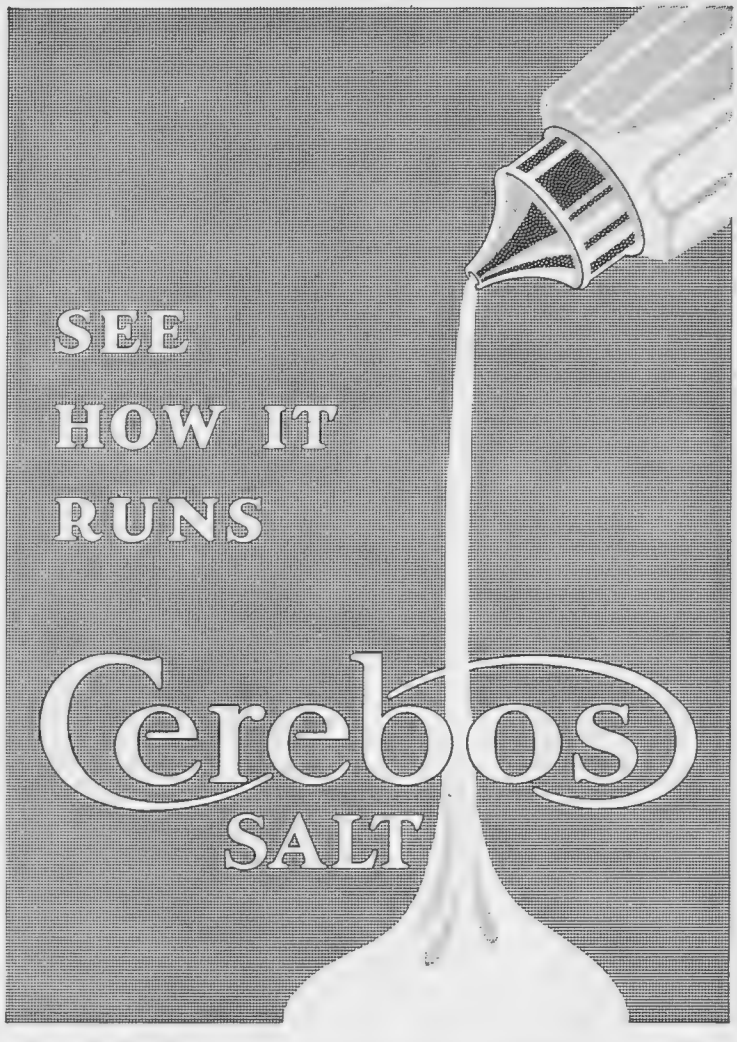

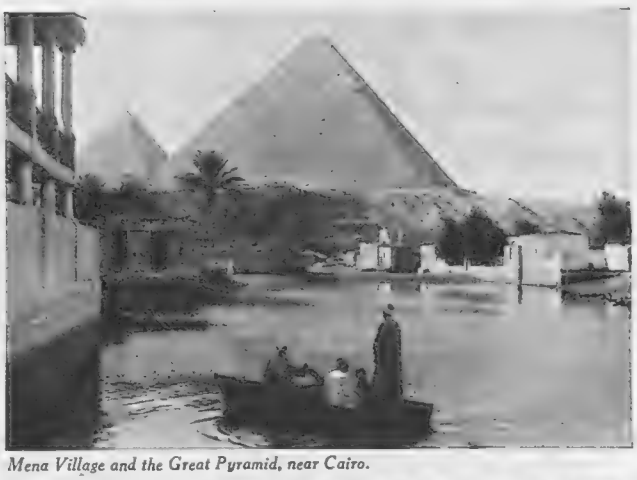

Mena Village and the Great Pyramid, near Cairo.

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

Huîtres ou Hors d'Œuvres.
(Saucisson de Foie aux Œufs).

Consommé au Macaroni.
Sole à la Financière.

Tournédos aux Epinards.
Pommes de Terre Frites.

Perdreaux Rôtis.
Salade à la Française.

Suprême de Crème.

Dessert. Café.

Saucisson de Foie aux Œufs

Cut some liver sausage in very thin slices, removing the skin. Rub some hard-boiled yolk of egg through a fine wire sieve, and on each slice of the sausage put about a teaspoonful of the egg, over which place a few thinly cut strips of gherkin. Sprinkle with a little coralline pepper, and serve.

Sole à la Financière

Prepare some fillets of sole, and have ready a buttered fireproof dish. Scatter it with chopped mushrooms, minced parsley, shallot and herbs. On this place the fish to be baked, and pour round it enough fish stock, with a wineglassful of white wine, almost to cover it. Place more mushrooms over, and sprinkle grated cheese over the top. Serve in the dish in which the fish was cooked.

DINER à 12/6

Melon Rafraîchi
Hors d'Œuvre des Gourmets
Grape Fruit au Maraquin
Saumon Fumé

La Marmite de la Maison
Coupe de Madulène en Gelée
Crème Fontange

Timbale de Homard Dumas
Riz Pilaff

Grouse Rôtie sur Canapé
Petits Pois au Beurre
Pommes Gaufrettes
Cœur de Laitue

Pêche Glacée Mignon
Friandises

Mr. Louis Muller, who presides over the Kit-Cat Restaurant, has signed the above menu of a diner de luxe which only costs 12s. 6d. The Tzigane band is a great attraction at the Kit-Cat which has recently been repainted and redecorated

Tournédos aux Epinards

Cut some fillets from a fillet of beef, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and cook in butter in a sauté pan, but do not let them be overdone. Add a piece of glaze the size of a walnut, and when dissolved turn the fillets over it. Place each fillet on a mound of creamed spinach, and pour the following sauce round: Rub a saucepan with a clove of garlic, and put into it four shallots with a tumblerful of water and half that quantity of tarragon vinegar; let the whole boil till reduced to one tumblerful, strain the liquor, and let it get cold. Take the strained yolks of three eggs and mix gradually with the above liquor, add salt to taste and 2 oz. of fresh butter. Stir the sauce till it thickens, then add a teaspoonful of finely chopped tarragon. Pour round the tournédos and serve.

Suprême de Crème

Put ½ oz. of isinglass and a small teacupful of milk into a pan and stir till it dissolves, then allow to cool a little. Rub 1 oz. of loaf sugar on to the rind of a lemon and pound in a mortar. Whip one pint of cream stiff, add the isinglass and milk, etc., and when it begins to set add 4 oz. of sugar and the squeezed lemon juice, also 4 ozs. of glacé fruits cut in small dice, a tablespoonful of brandy, and a glass of sherry. Rinse a mould with cold water, pour in the cream, and leave to set.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Among the buildings which have been flood-lighted in London is Carreras' "Black Cat" factory in the Hampstead Road, illustrated above. The aggregate beam candle power of the lamps used is 70,000,000, and 1¼ miles of electric cables were employed

London Luxury Flats

Berkeley Court, the million-pound block of flats in Baker Street, has now been completed, and the majority of the flats has been disposed of. There are, however, still a number of delightful flats available at reasonable inclusive rentals. Berkeley Court has an entrance hall or patio unequalled in London, whilst the roof garden, over an acre in extent, commands extensive views. The garden contains lawns, flower beds, rose arbours and terraced walks, and is an amenity unique in this country. The flat rentals are inclusive, and provide for a constant supply of hot water and porterage, whilst electricity is available at the specially low figure of ½d. per unit. Mr. Martin Harvey, the well-known property owner, who has inspired and developed Berkeley Court, has aimed at giving the business man something he has long wanted—a West End home replete with every comfort, with all the surroundings of the country. He has certainly attained this object, as a visit to Berkeley Court will readily reveal.

Some H.M.V. Records

Favourites of a few years ago, still retaining their charms as fresh as ever, are the vocal gems of "Florodora" by the Light Opera Company, complete with "Tell Me Pretty Maiden," and selections from the comic opera, "Dorothy," rendered by the Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards. These are airs which bring back the glad evenings of our seaside holidays and will carry that joyous feeling into the long winter evenings.

A hit of the day in every place where music goes with meals is "I Found You," a tender love ditty by that young English composer, Ray Noble, and this makes a good companion to his recent great success, "Goodnight, Sweetheart." This effort, paired by the tuneful "Lazy Day," is warbled by the all-conquering Patrick Waddington to the dual piano playing of William Walker and Peggy Cochrane.

For genuine joy we commend the Laughter Makers, who are Charles Penrose and Kaye Connor. "Laughter, Love and Lingerie" and "The Laughing Sousaphone" are mixtures of mirth for everlasting use when you insist on being amused. The laughters of this man and woman are infectious, absolute destroyers of dumps, and it would be alarming to find anybody who must not laugh with them.

Mr. L. T. Neck, the new managing director of the Columbia Gramophone Company, who is still in his thirties, is a confirmed optimist concerning a revival of trade and in the future prosperity of the country

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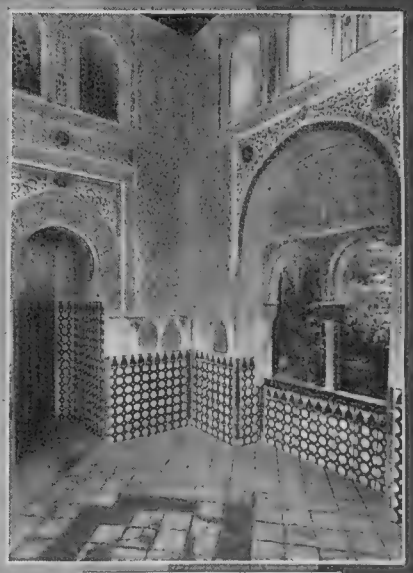

Granada (Alhambra). The Mosque.

Granada (Alhambra). Chamber of Justice.

Granada. The Alhambra Gardens.

Granada. Panoramic view of Alhambra.

Granada. The Alhambra and Sierra Nevada from St. Cristobal.

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at **PARIS,** 12, *Boulevard de la Madeleine;* **NEW YORK,** 605, *Fifth Avenue;* **ROME,** 9, *Via Condotti;* **GIBRALTAR,** 63-67, *Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, The American Express, Dean & Dawson, Ltd., or any other Travel Agency.*

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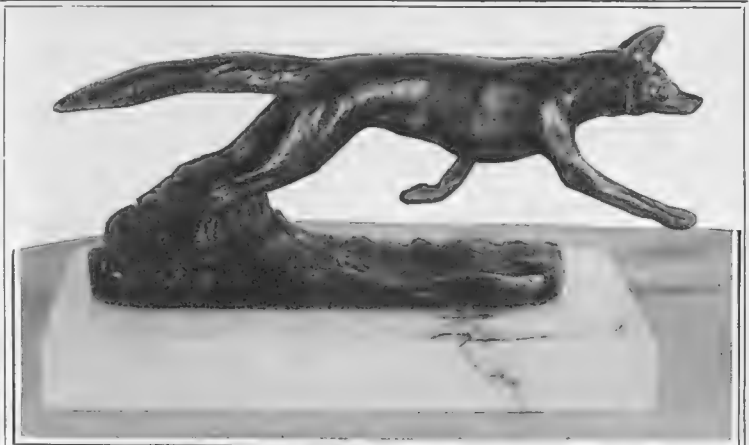

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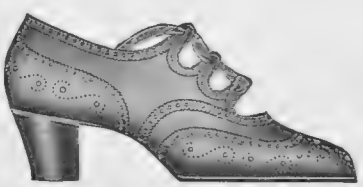

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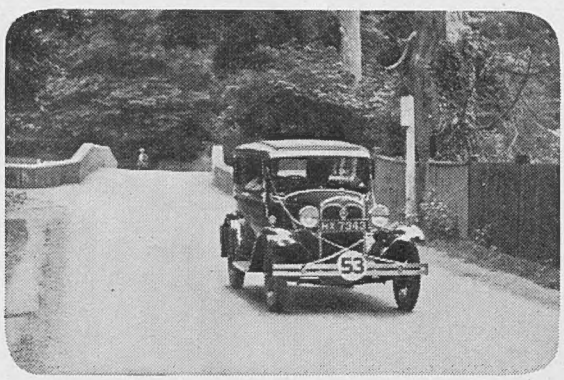

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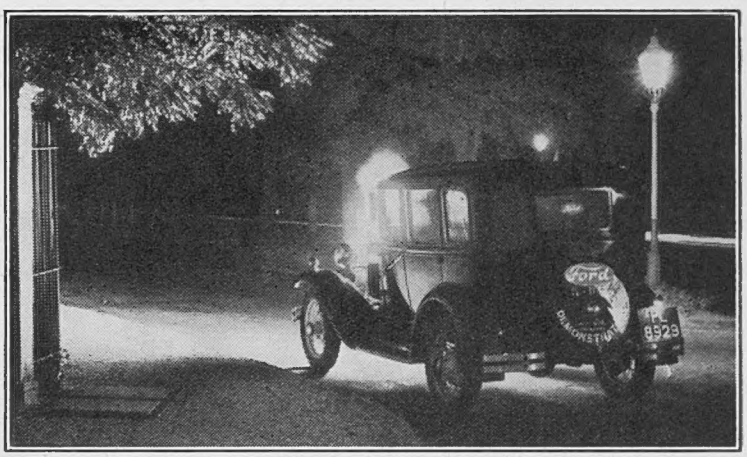

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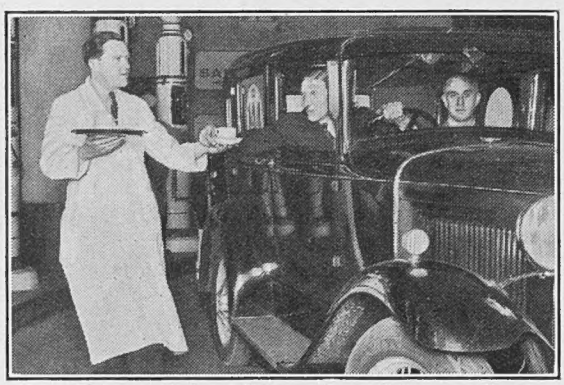

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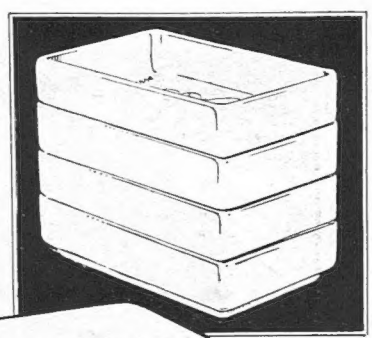

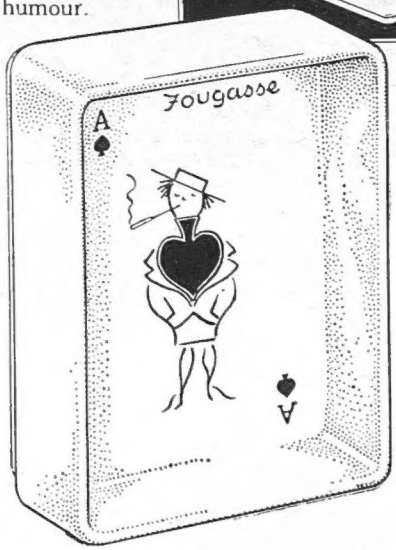

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